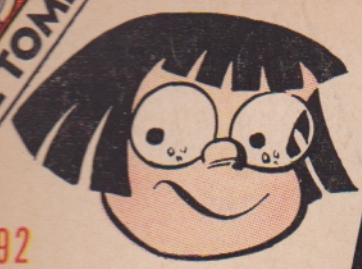




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No 92



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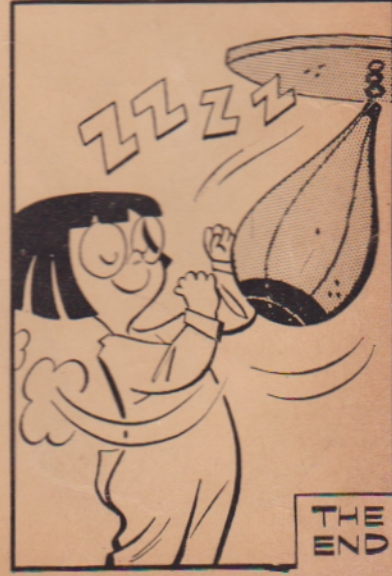
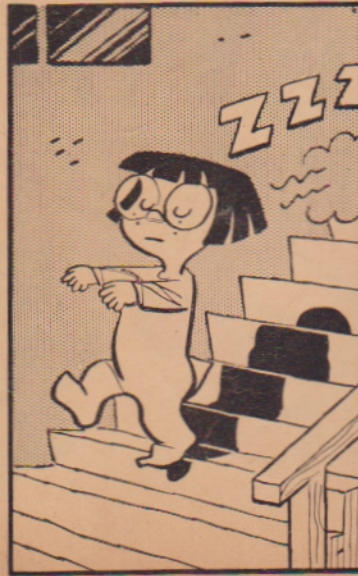
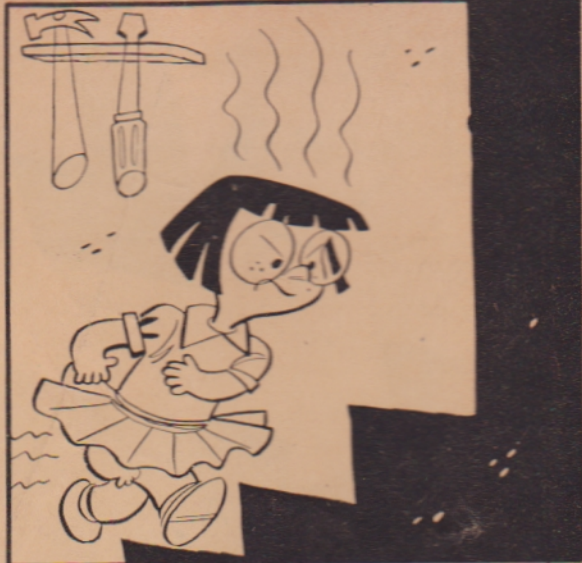
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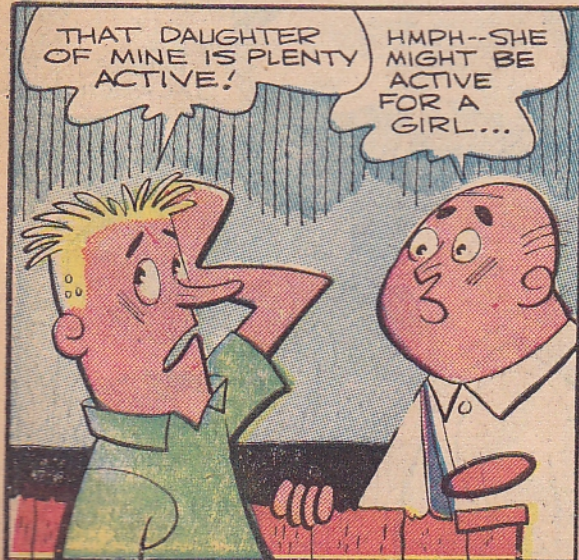
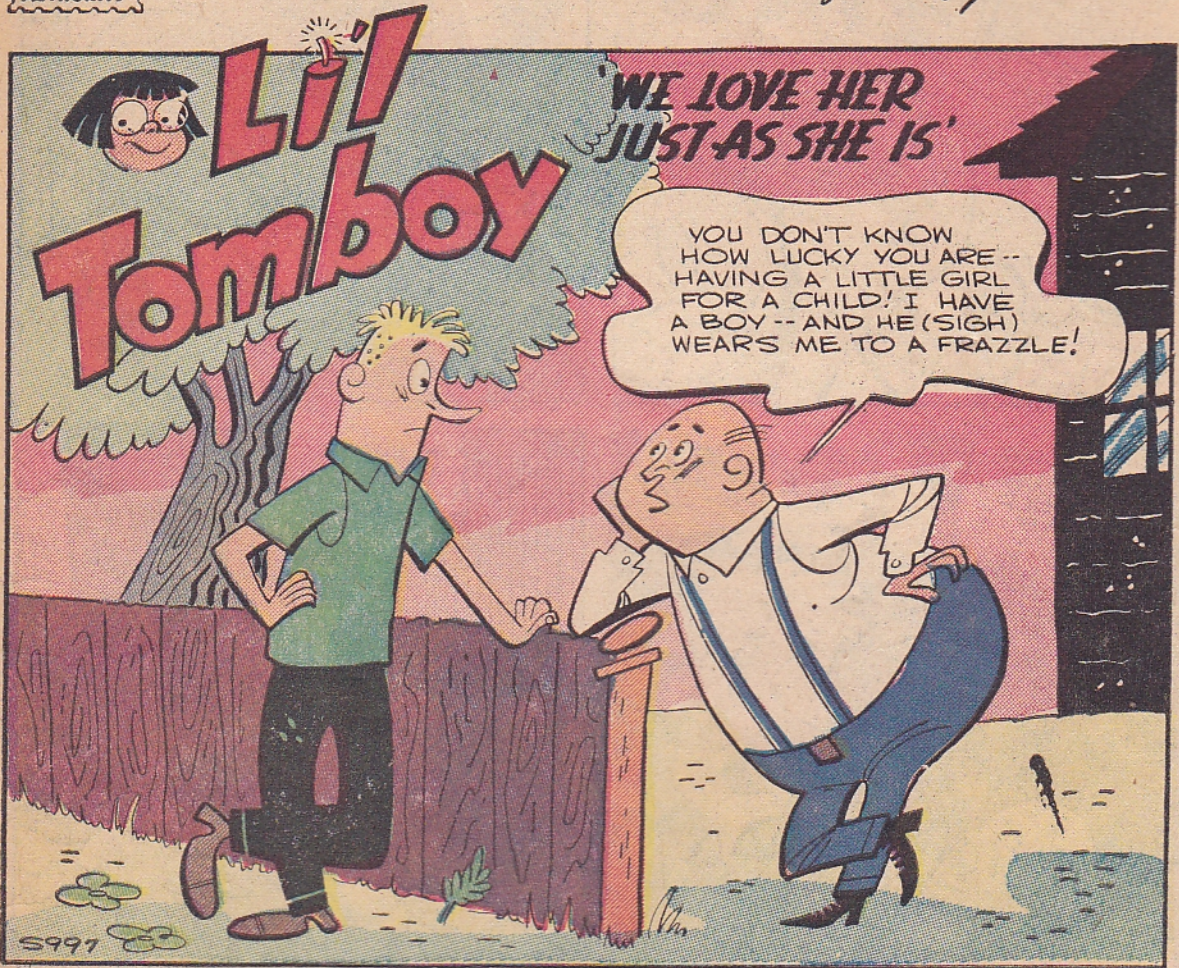
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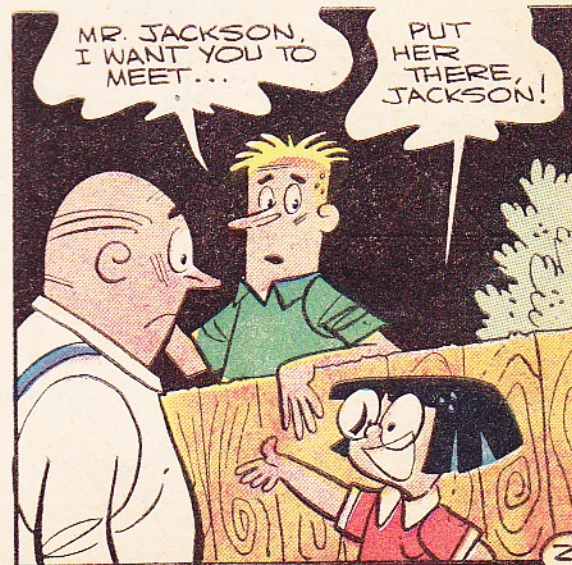
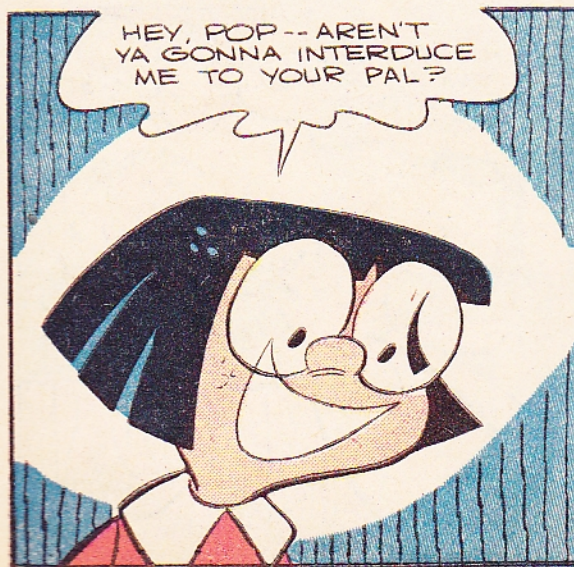
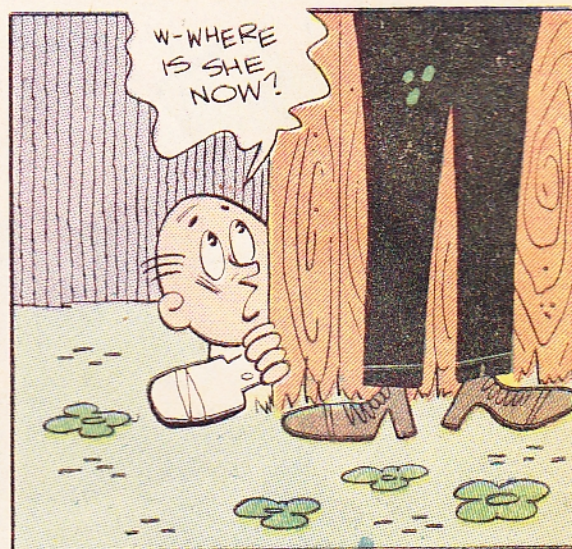
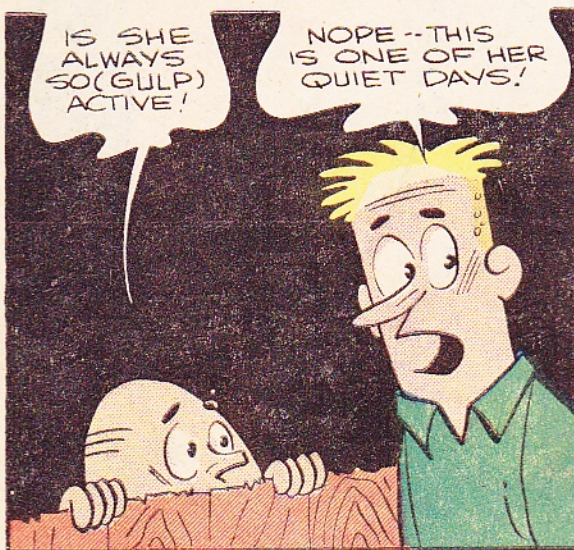
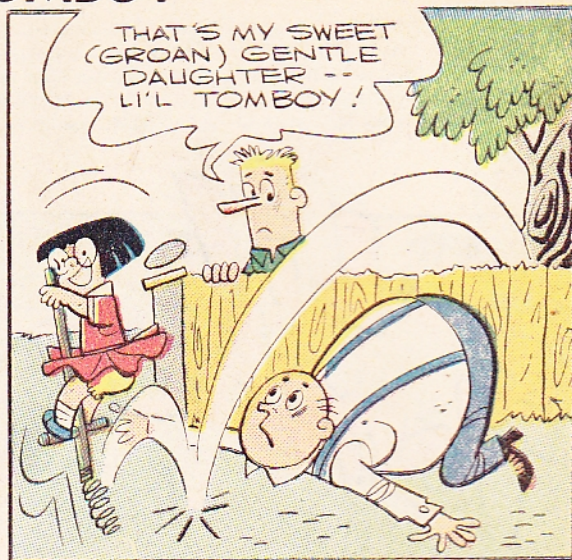
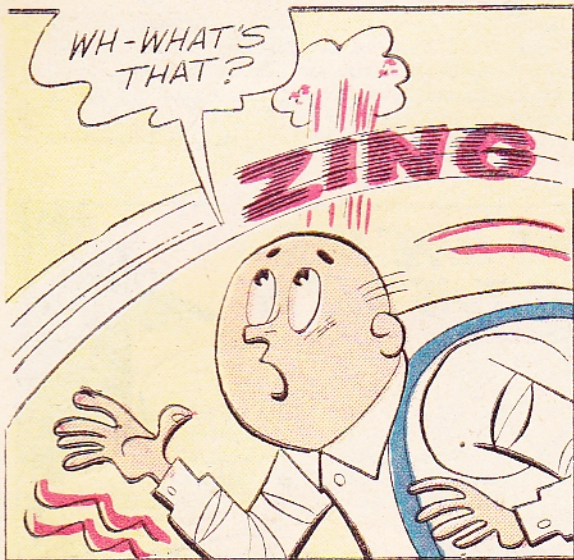


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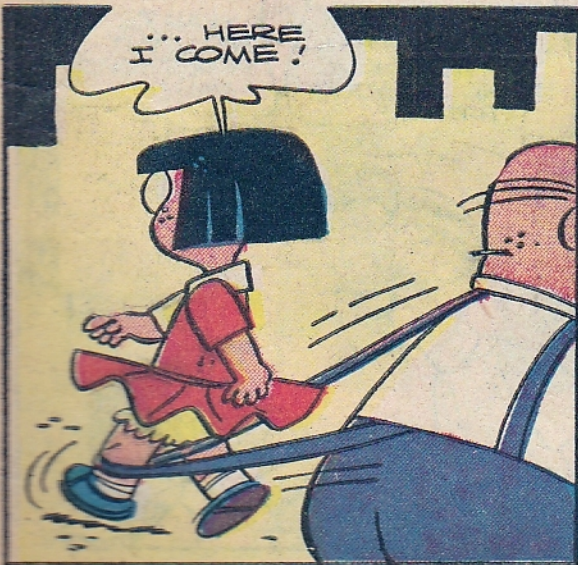
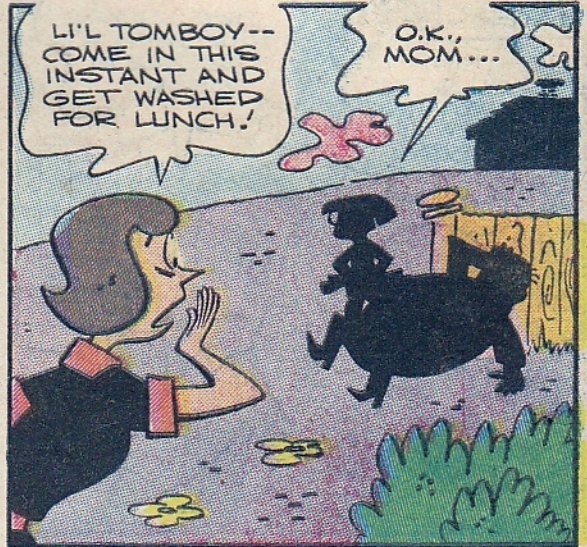
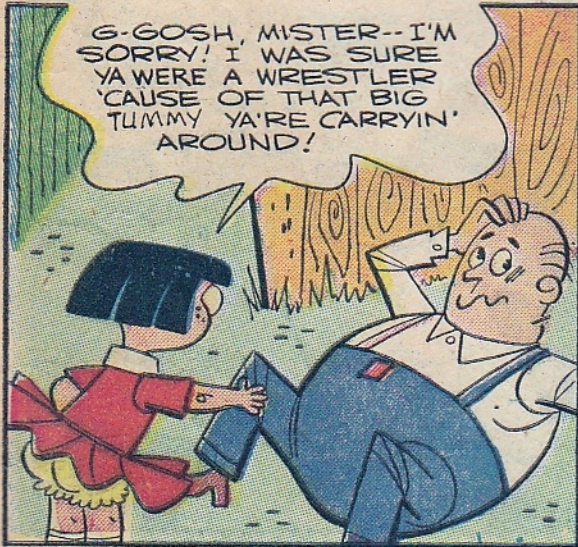
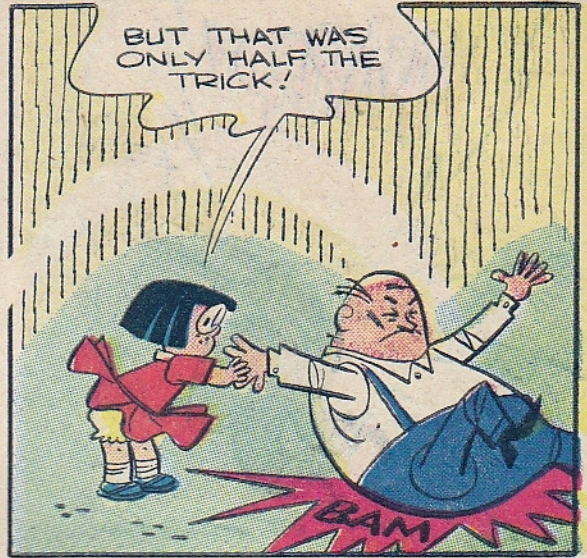
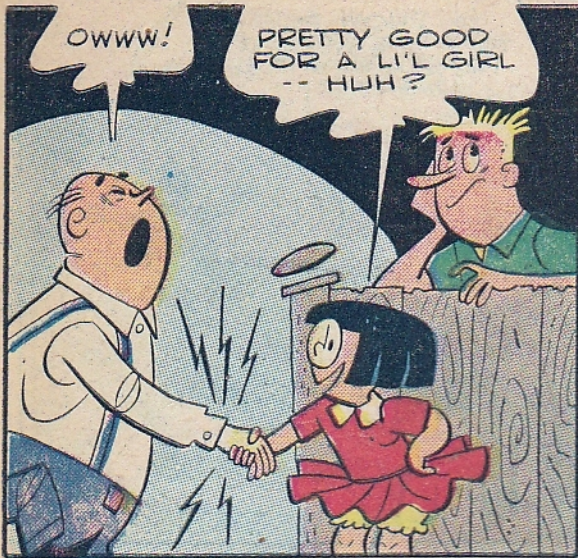
Alfred I. Fago Executive Editor



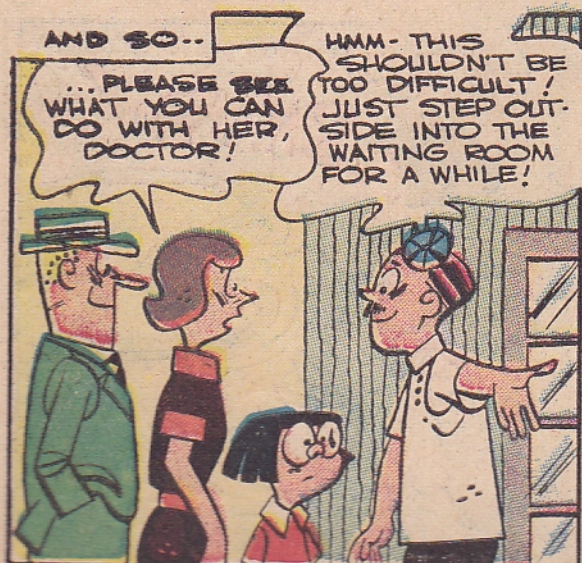
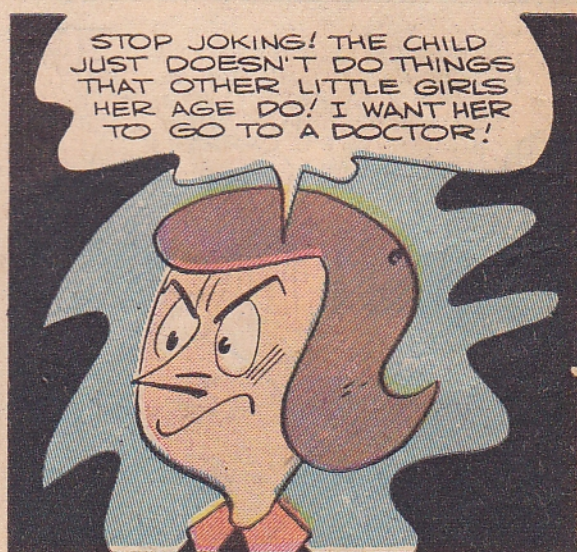
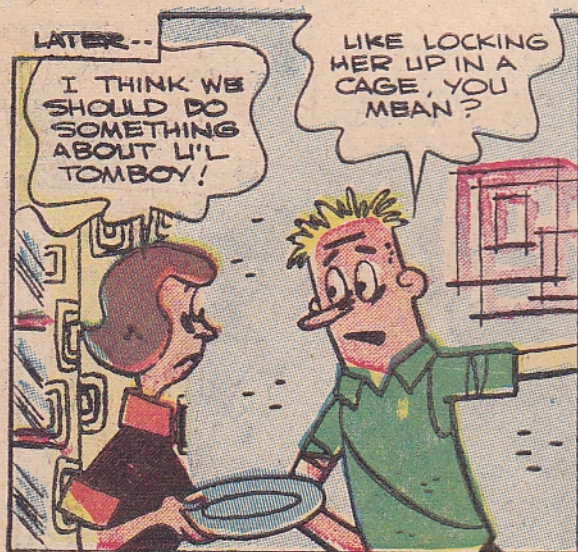
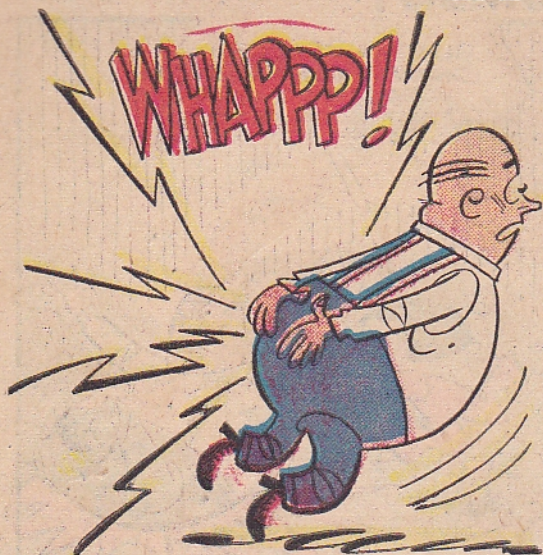
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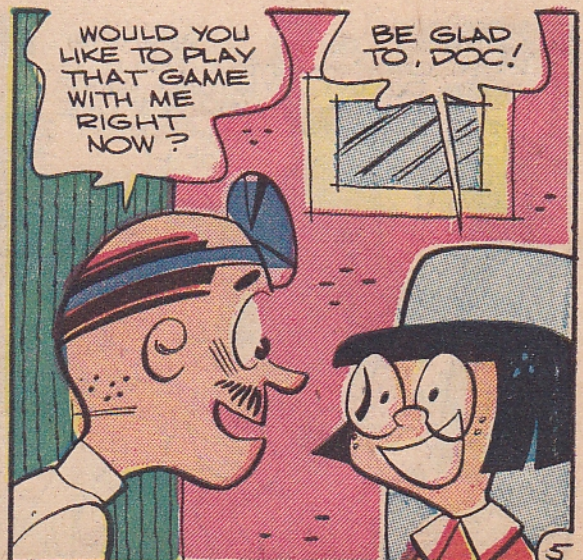
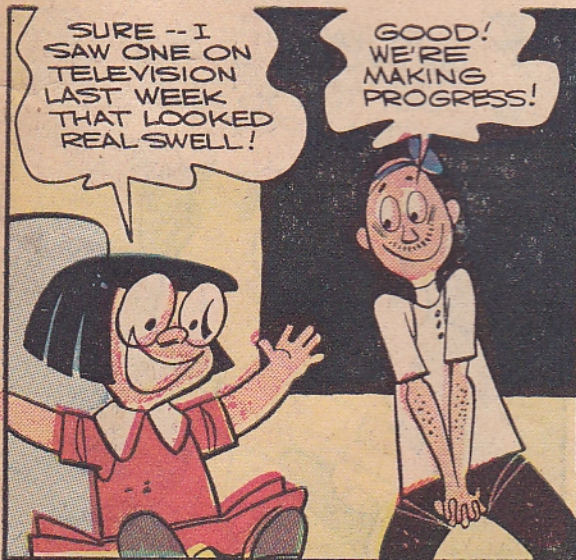
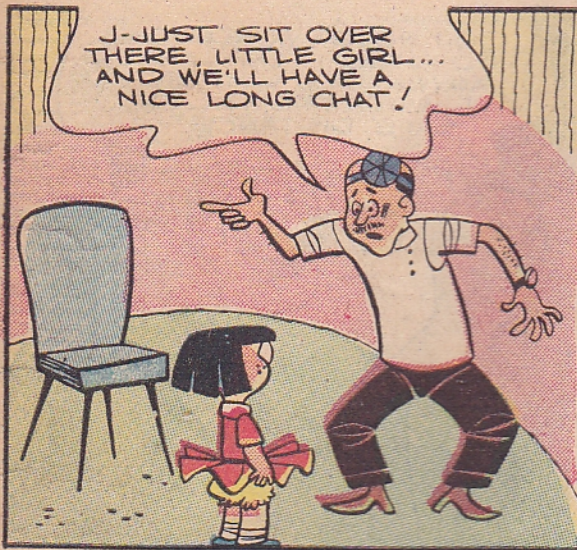
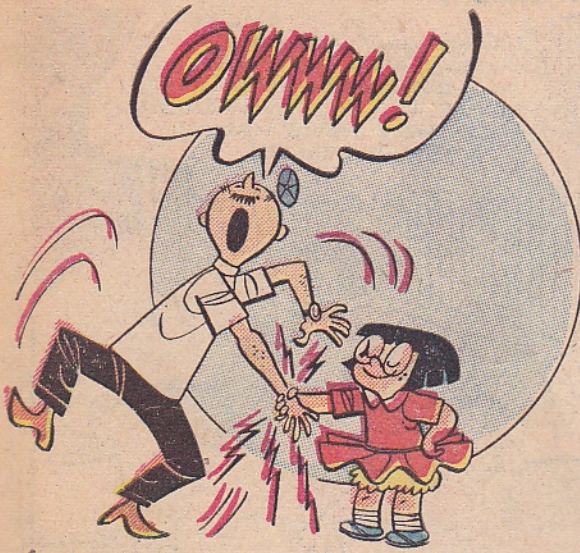
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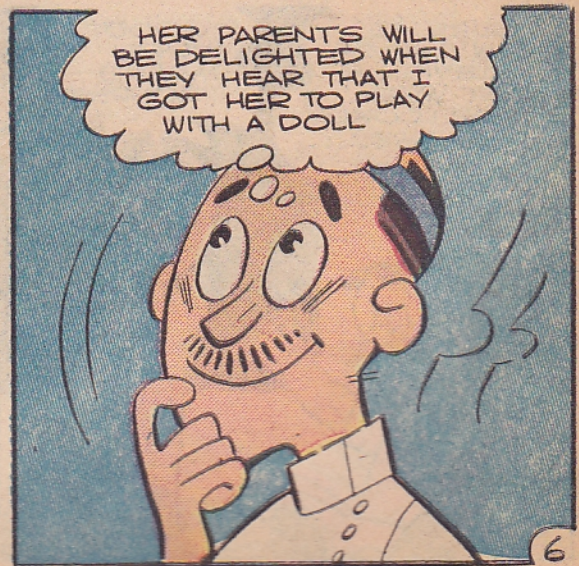
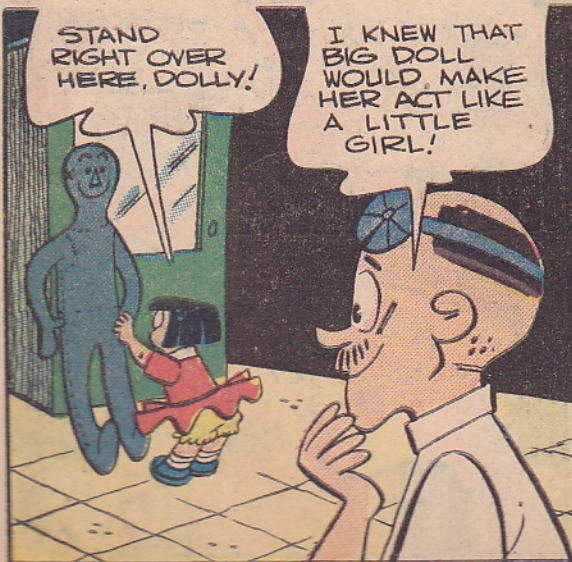
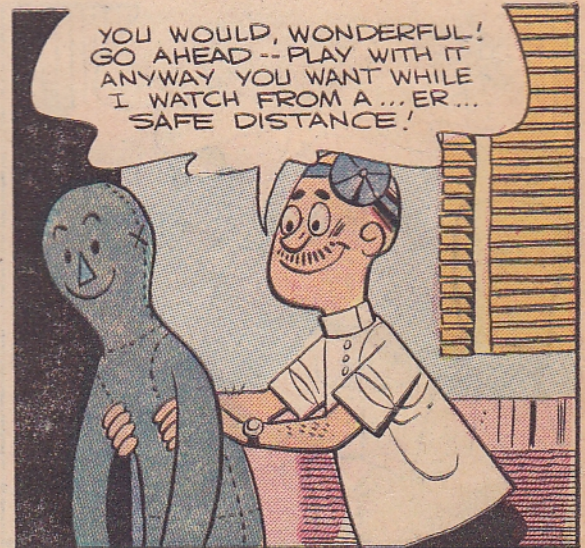
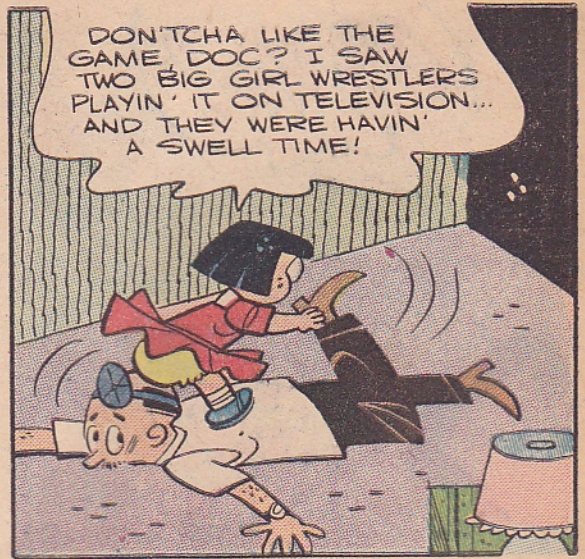
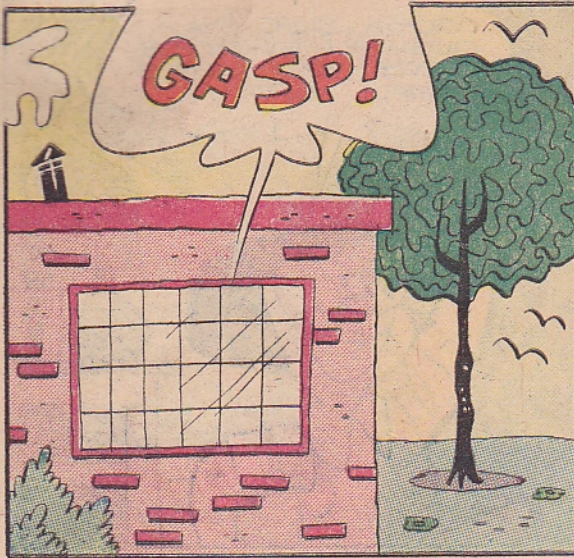
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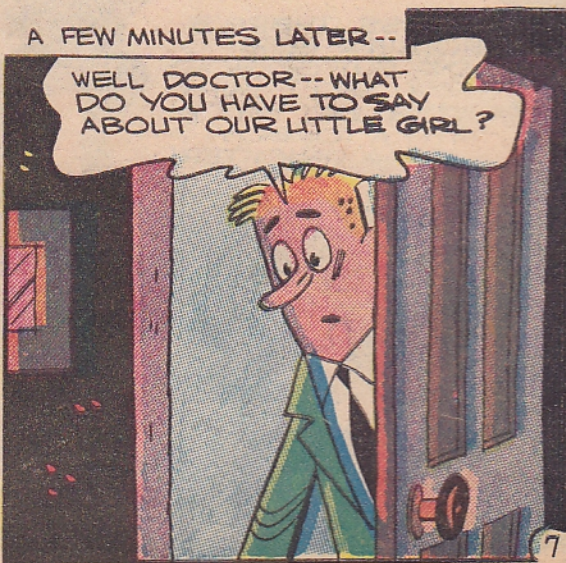
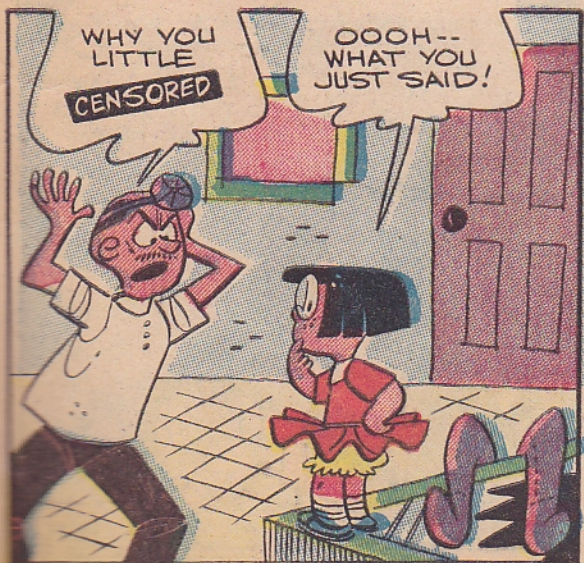
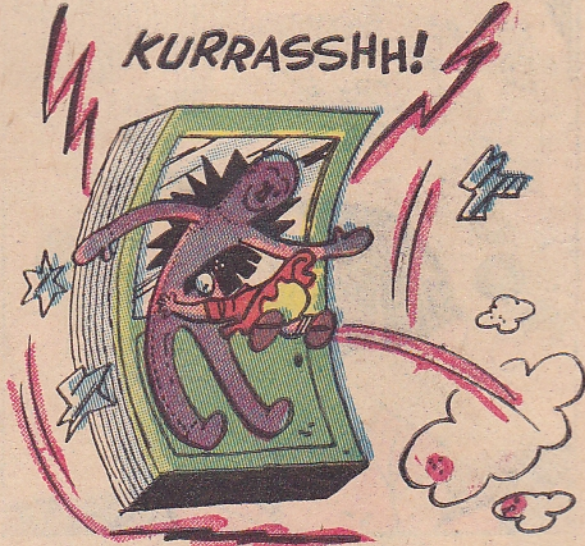
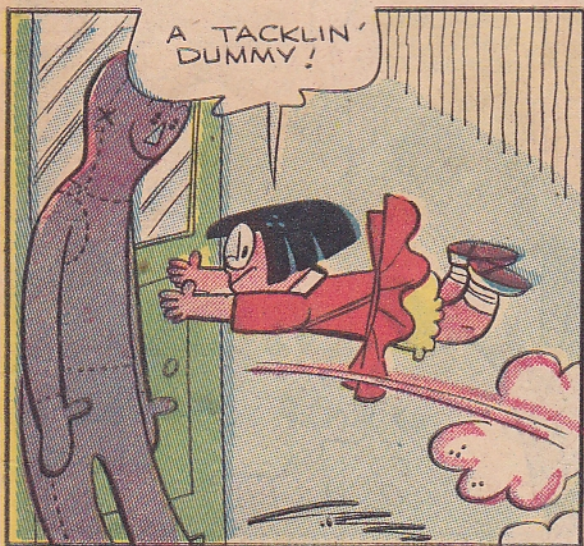
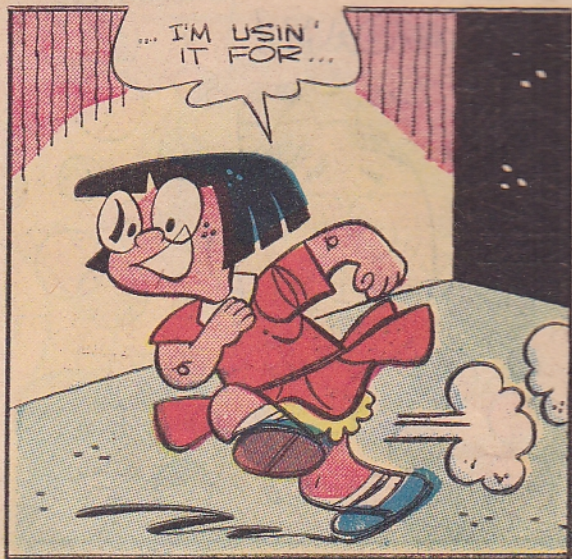
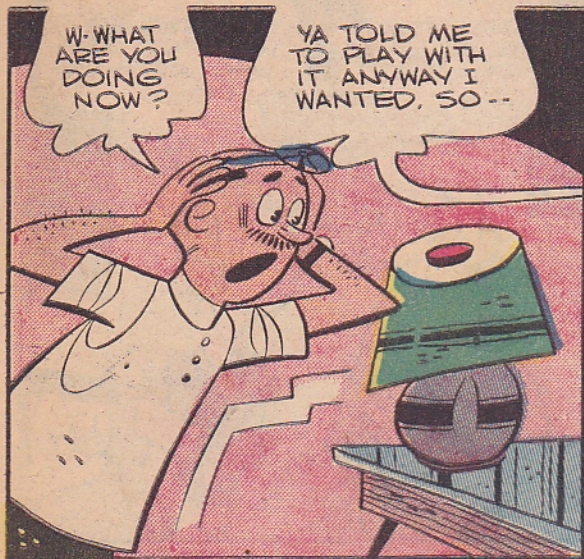
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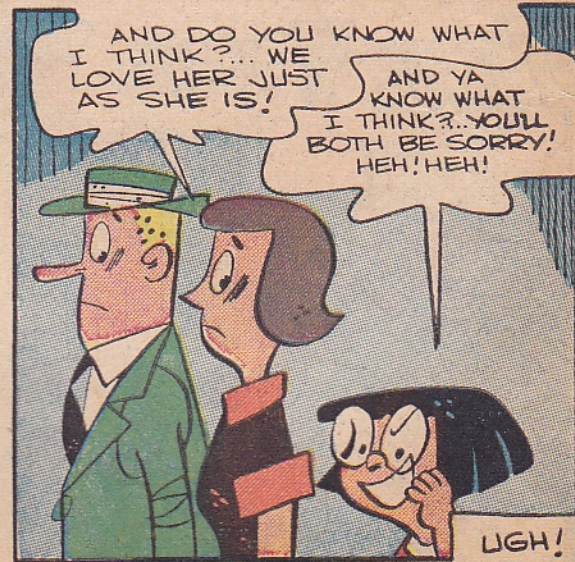
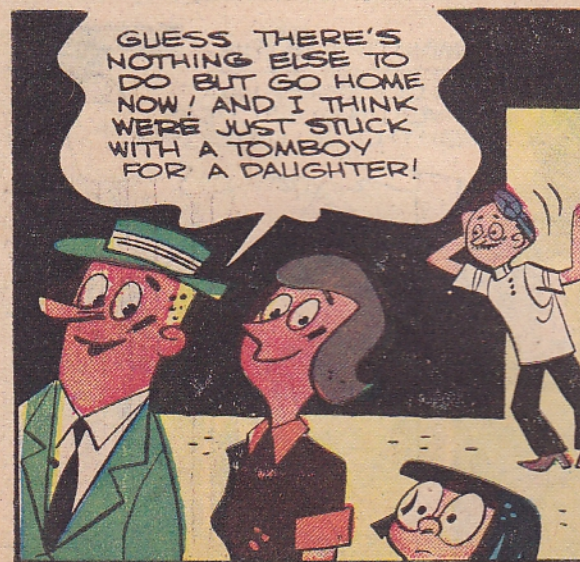
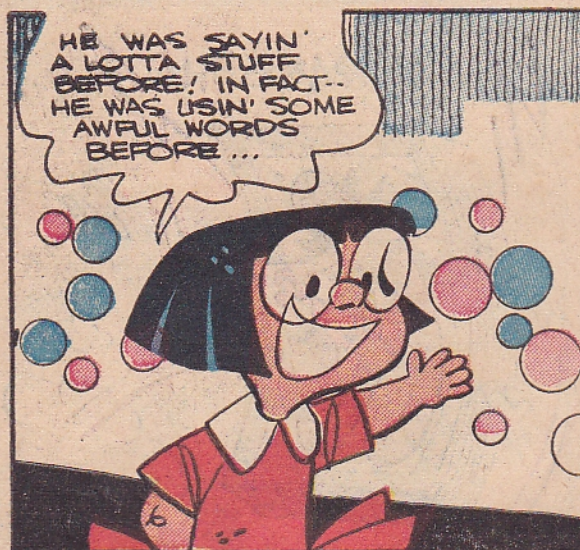
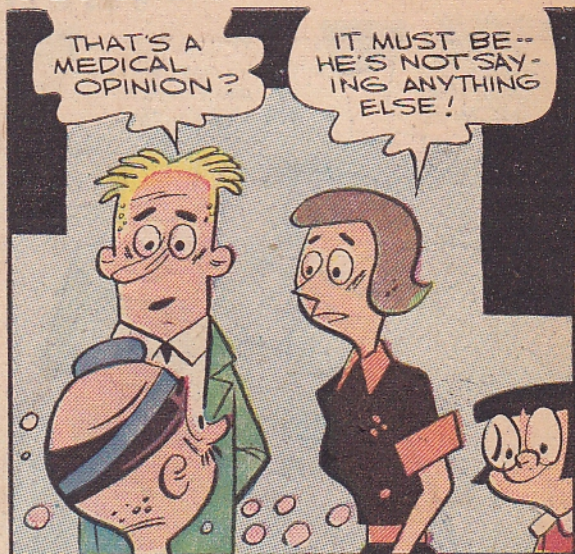
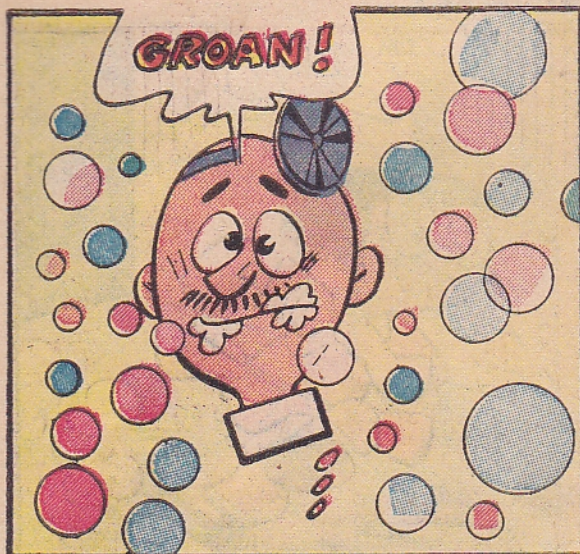
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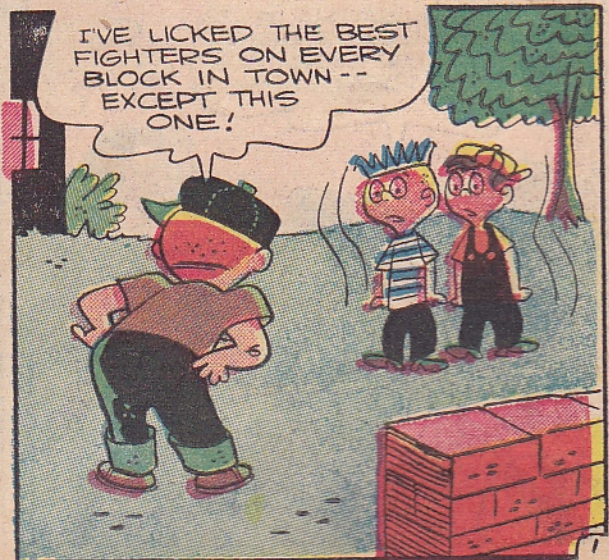
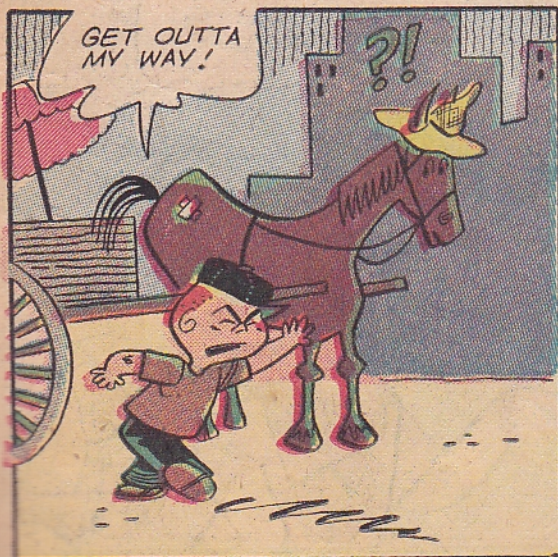
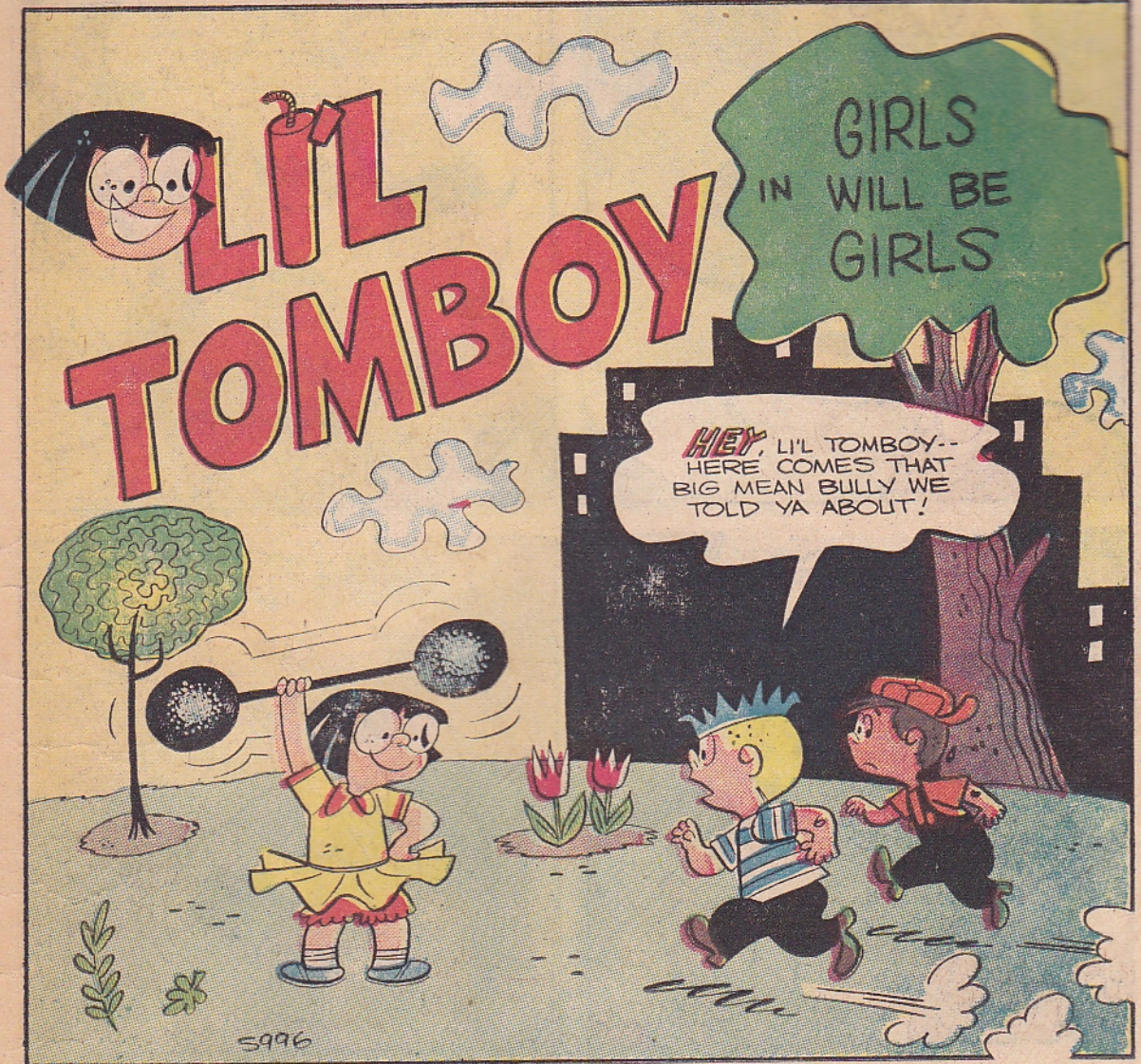


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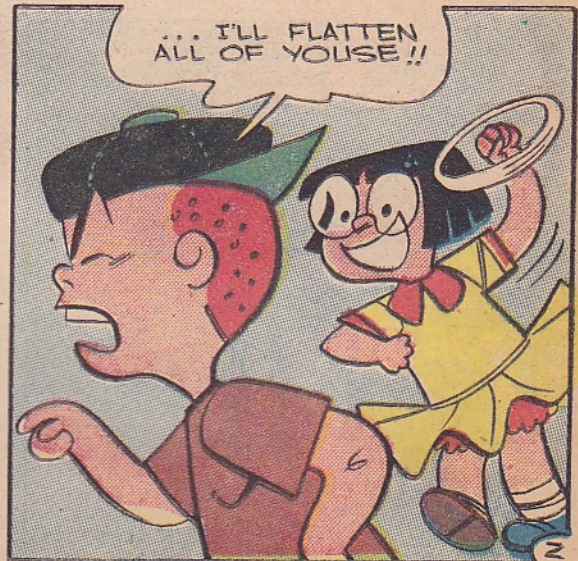
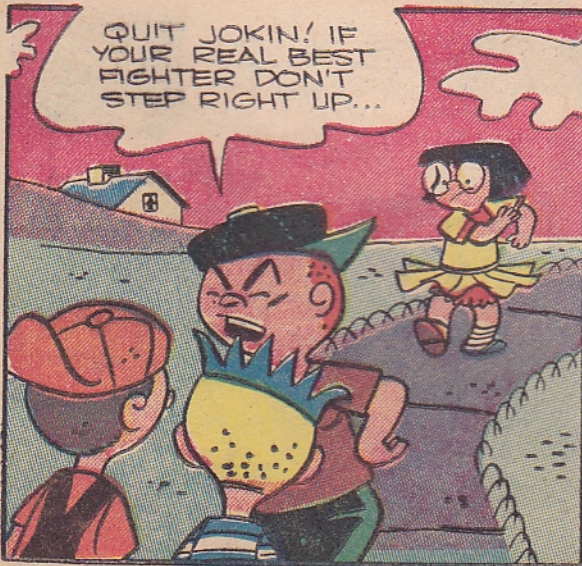
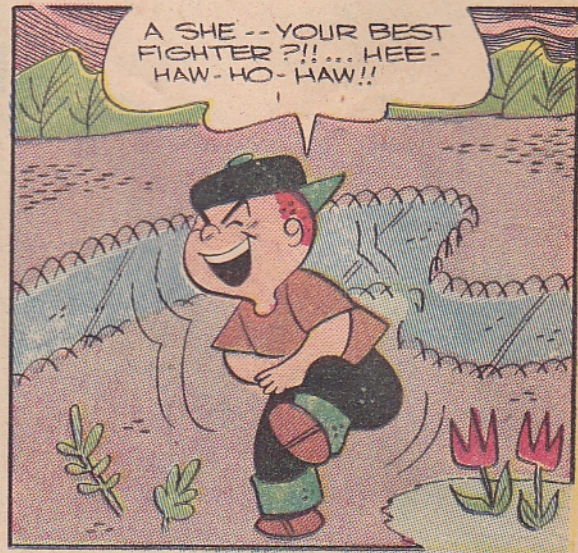
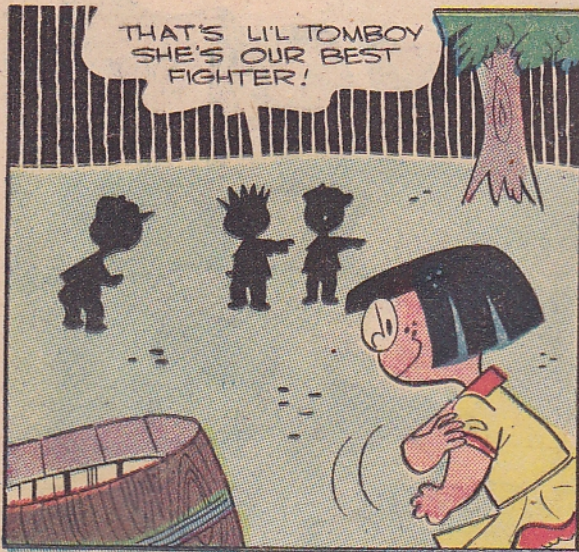
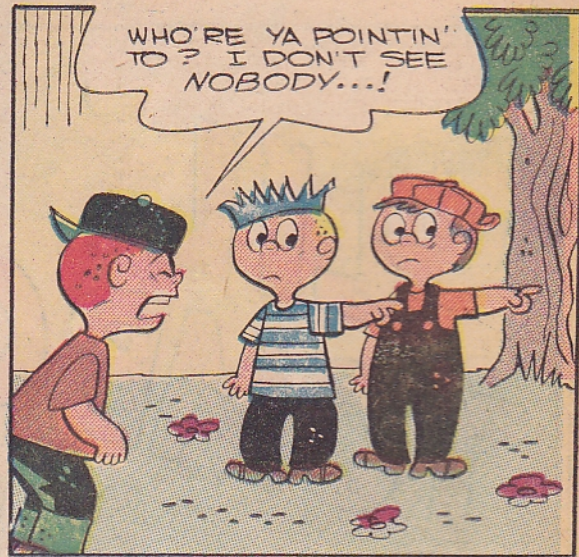
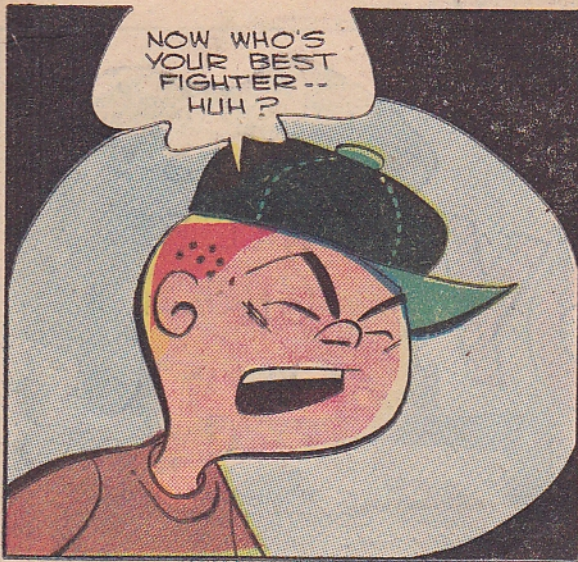


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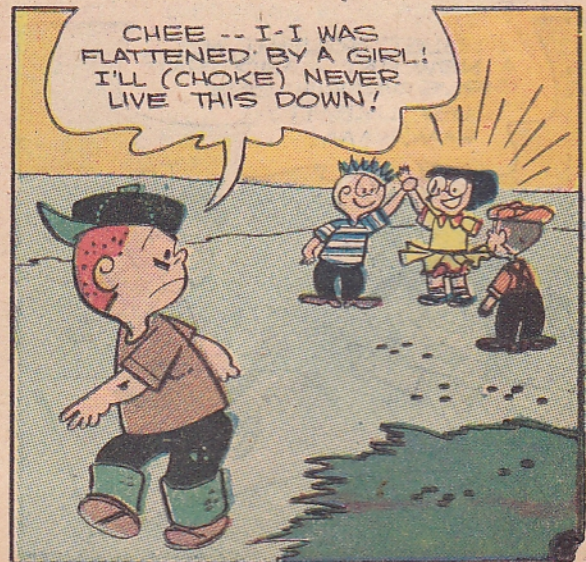
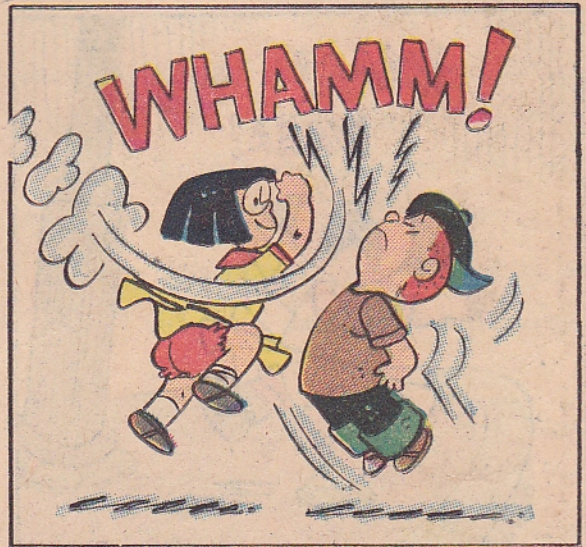
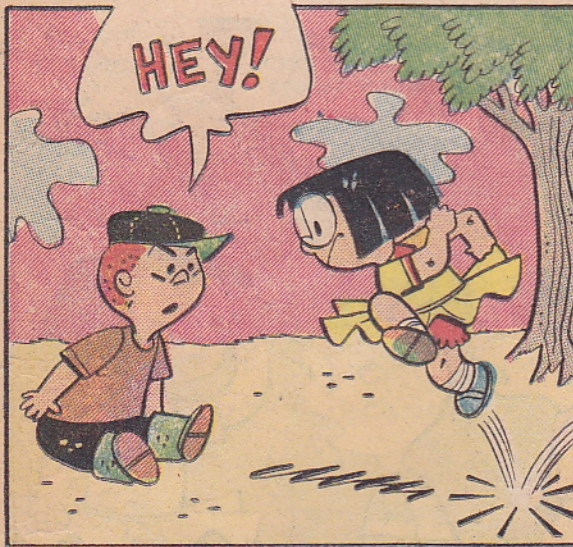
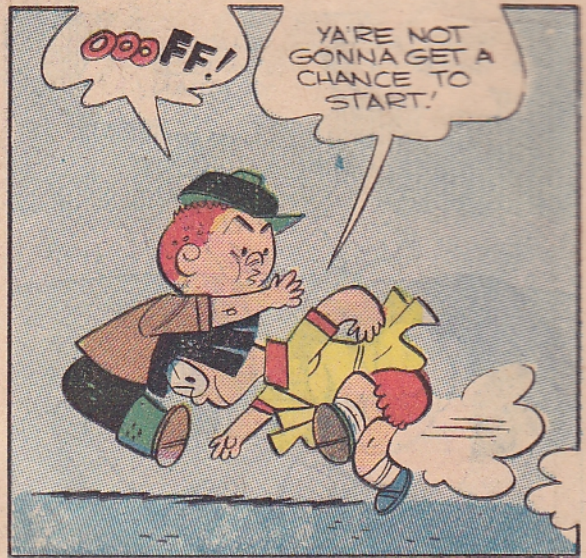
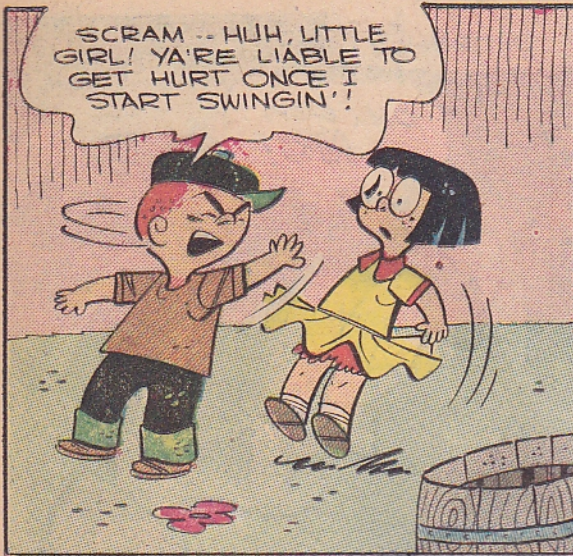




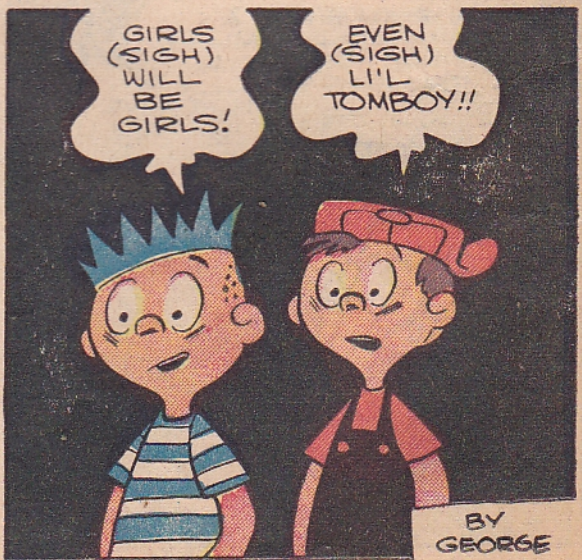
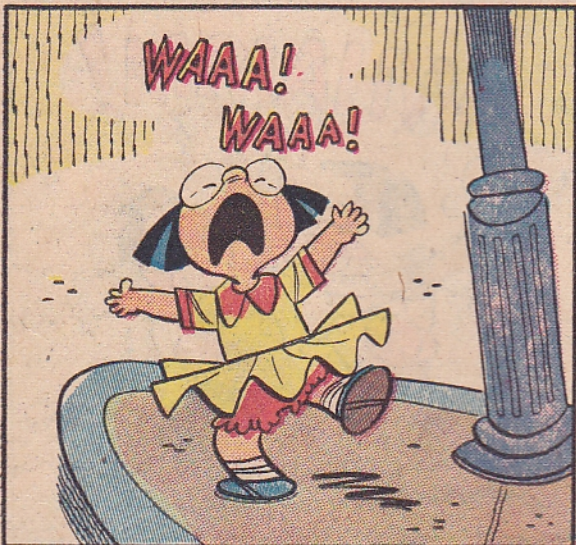
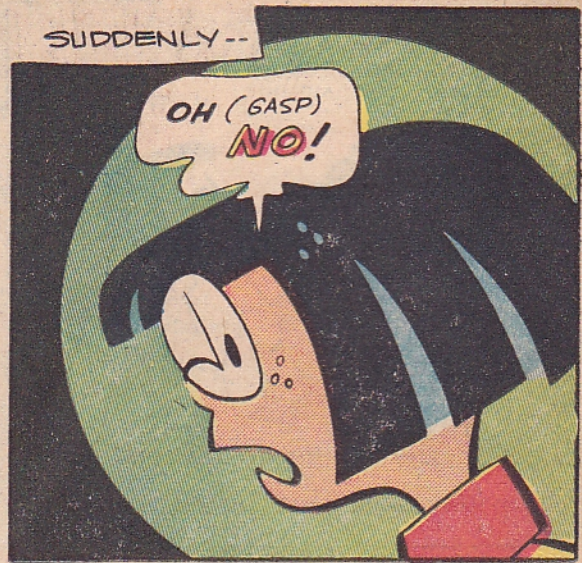
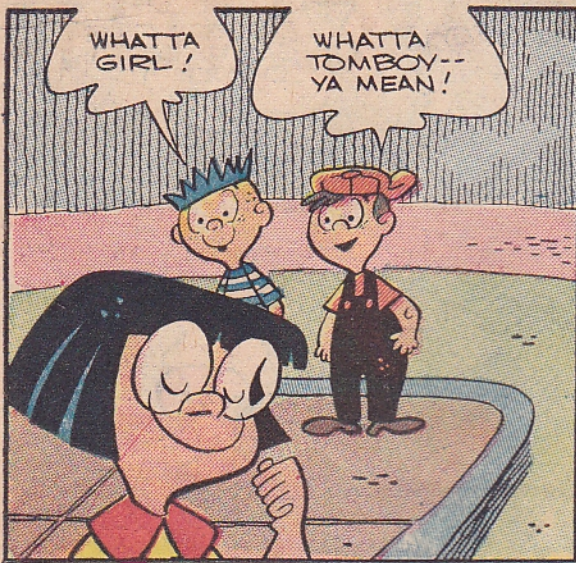
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TUBBY MAKES A CATCH

TUBBY TAYLOR was a plump, roly-poly little boy who didn't see much sense in moving. Every day in the summertime, when the other boys were busy playing baseball, Tubby would just walk slowly out to the end of a rickety old dock that jutted over the sea. Then he'd put some bait on his hook, cast it into the water, and just sit back.

"Lazy Tubby!" the other boys would jeer. "Dopiest boy in town!"

"Maybe," Tubby answered calmly. "And then maybe I'm smart!"

One hot afternoon Tubby was dozing on the end of the dock and at the same time thinking how nice it was to do nothing at all. Just then there was a hard pull on his line. It took him a full minute to come to his senses and hold the line tight in his chubby fingers. Then he began to get very excited. "Guess I've caught a shark—or a barracuda!" he thought, tugging at the line. Suddenly it began to yield, and finally the end flew up and landed on the dock beside him. Tubby was disappointed at what he saw. It was only an old bottle that had got tangled in his line!

But when he looked closer he noticed that it was a strange old fashioned bottle, of dark blue glass. And stuck in the end of it was a tight fitting cork. "Maybe there's an important message inside!" Tubby told himself, as he started to pull on the cork.

At last he got it out—and a startling thing happened. A thick greenish smoke began to rise from the bottle! It formed into a misty cloud that towered over Tubby—and suddenly it took the shape of a fierce grinning face!

"What a relief to get out of that bottle!" the face said in a rumbling voice.

Tubby wanted to run, but he seemed to have no control over his legs. So he just sat there, while a huge chest and great menacing arms appeared below the evil looking face.

"Wh—who are you, anyway?" he asked nervously.

"I'm an Ogre!" the other said, "and I've been cooped up in there for 300 years! I let myself be outsmarted by a Persian magician! Drat him anyway! But I'll never let it happen again!"

"I—I guess you'll want a stretch yer legs," Tubby stammered. "So long!"

The Ogre grinned evilly. "I'm just *spoiling* for some mischief!" he rumbled. "Maybe I'll start an earthquake in this town—and kill all the people! But I'm a little out of practice—and I think I'll warm up on you first!"

"O—on me?" Tubby asked faintly. "B—but I'm only a harmless little boy! I'm not worth bothering with!"

"Oh, yes you are!" the Ogre shouted. "There's lots of things I can do to little boys! For instance, I can make time stand still when you're in school, so that you *never* get out!"

"Th—that'd be terrible!" Tubby wailed.

The Ogre began to look happy. "Or I can spill jam all over your mother's cupboard," he said, "so that she'll think you did it—and whale the tar out of you!"

"That'd be terr—," Tubby began. But suddenly an idea came into his head, and he brightened. "That'd be wonderful!" he said.

The Ogre stared down at him blankly. "Wonderful?" he echoed. "What d'ya mean?"

"I never heard of anyone who could do such marvelous things," Tubby told him. "I think you're a very clever Ogre!"

"I certainly am!" the Ogre answered, looking highly pleased.

How come that Persian magician was able to get you in this bottle?" Tubby asked softly.

"It was sheer trickery!" the Ogre bellowed angrily. "Those magicians are full of tricks! I guess I must've been off my guard. But nobody will ever trick me again!"

"A-are you sure," Tubby enquired timidly, "that you came out of this bottle? You look awful big to fit in a little bottle. I don't see how you did it!"

"I told you I was an Ogre!" the other said crossly. "And we Ogres have magic powers—just like those sneaky magicians. Only we don't boast about it so much!"

"I still don't see how you ever got in that bottle," Tubby said. "Why, it's unbelievable!"

"Of course it's unbelievable!" the Ogre agreed. "But I did it all right! Wait—I'll show you!"

Tubby heard a hissing sound, and the Ogre began to change before his eyes into a greenish smoke. Then the smoke drew slowly into the bottle.

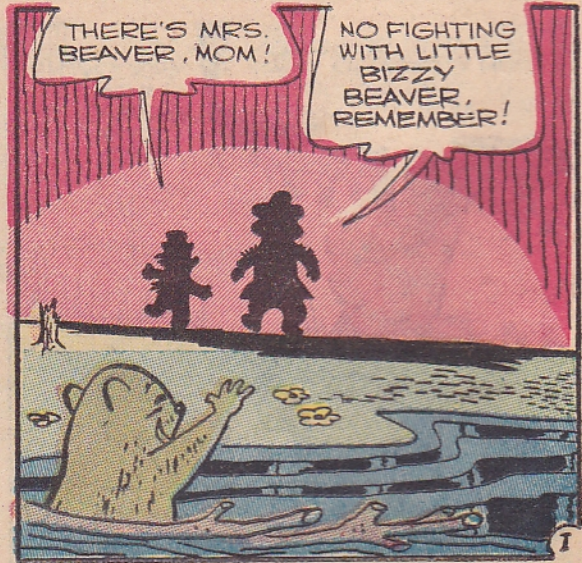
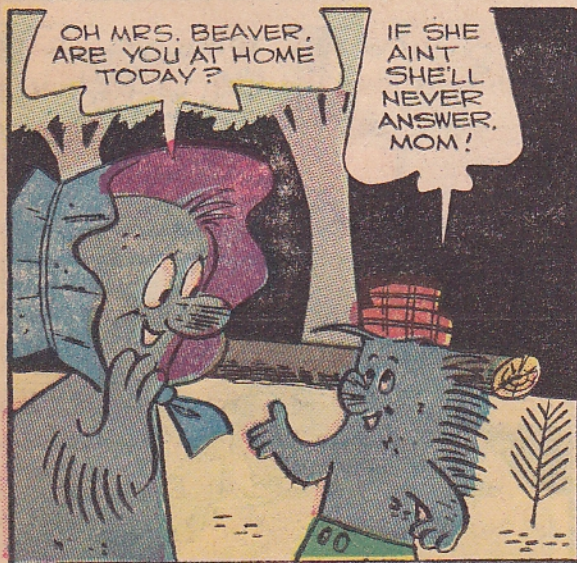
Tubby quickly grabbed the cork and rammed it into the opening. He snatched up the bottle and tossed it far out into the water.

"Whew!" he thought, standing up. "That was a close shave! Wait'll I tell the boys how I outsmarted an Ogre!" He began to run a little along the dock, but then he slowed down again. "Aw gee," he muttered. "They'd never believe me anyway! Guess I'll just havta let 'em go on calling me Lazy Tubby!"

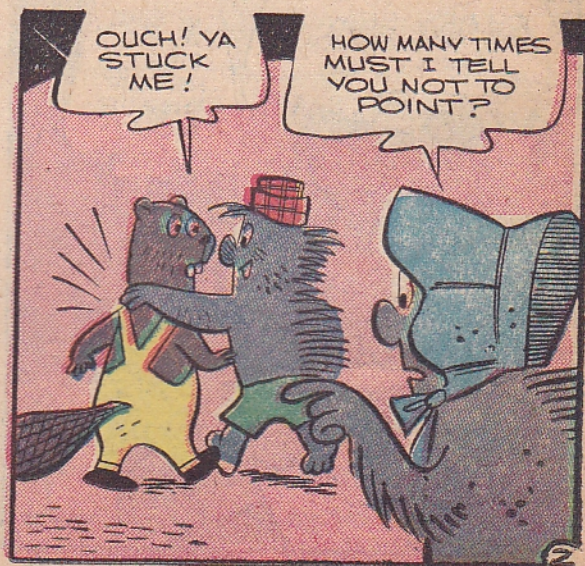
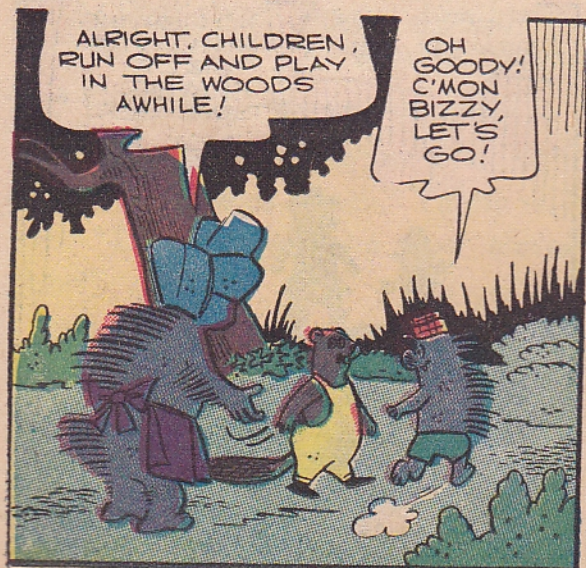
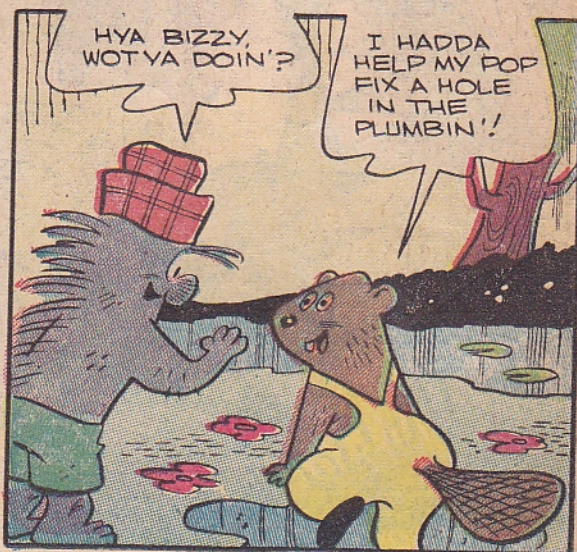
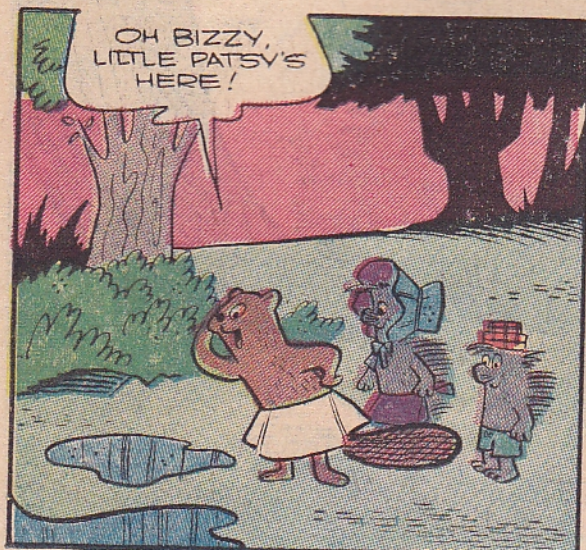
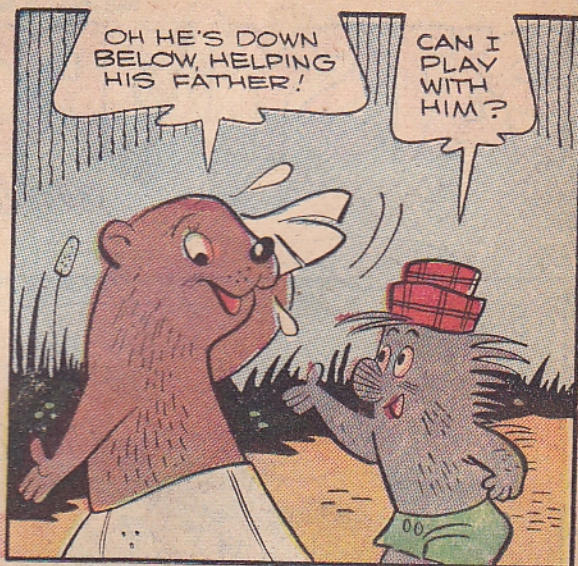
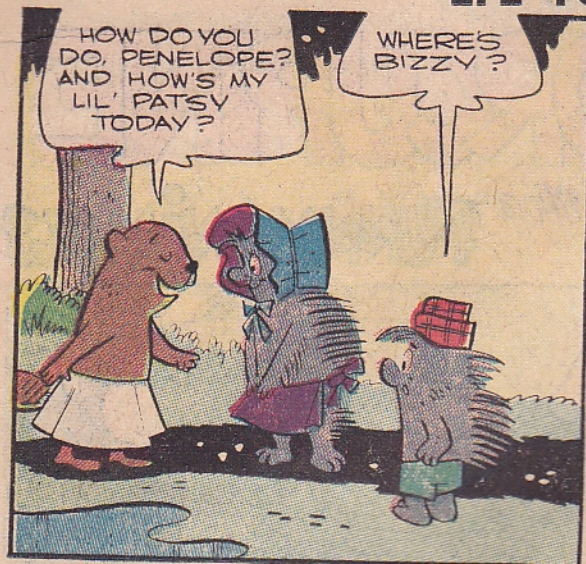
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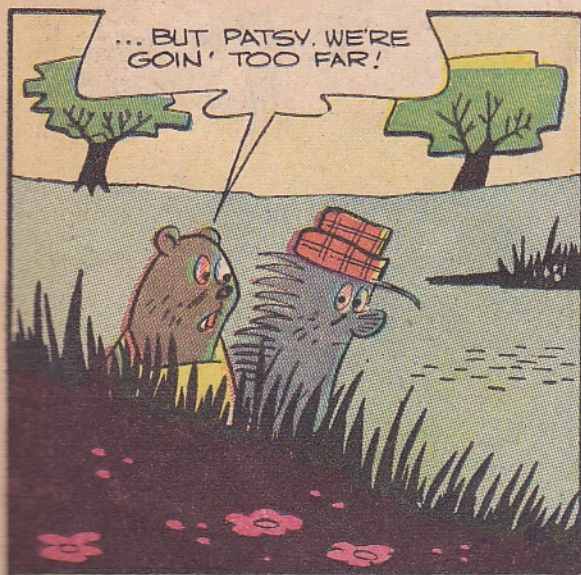
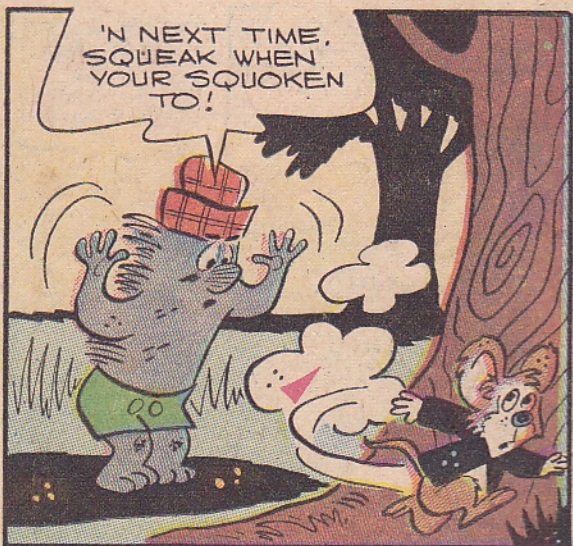
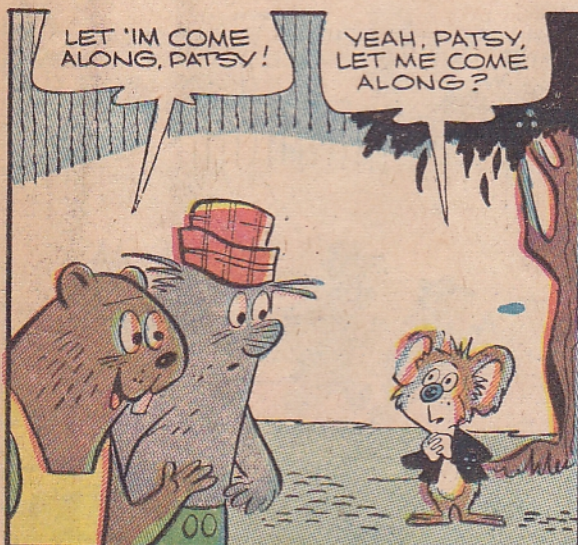
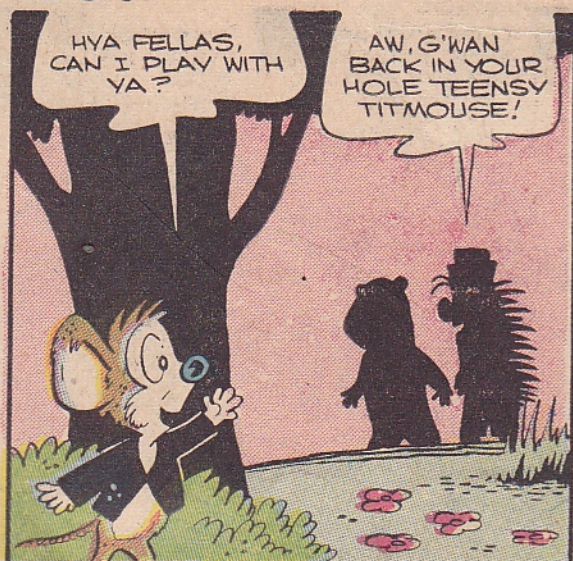
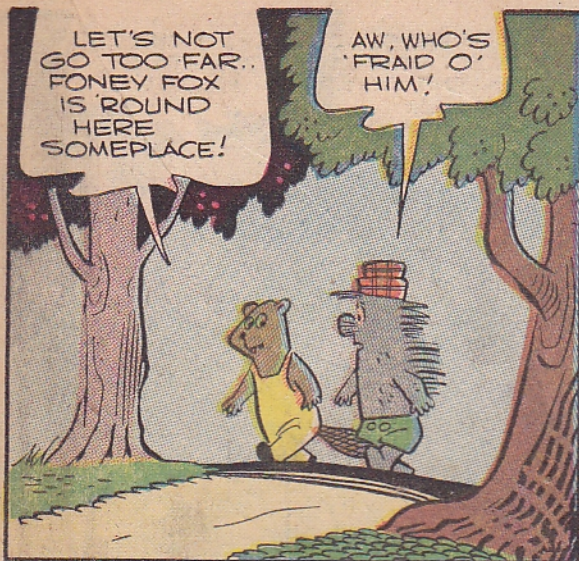
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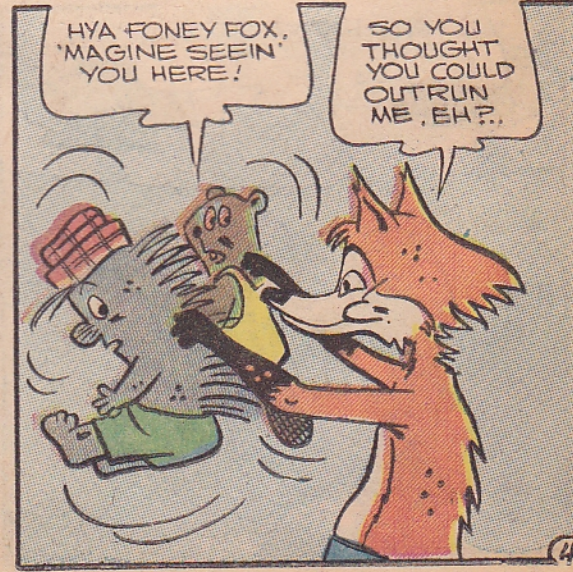
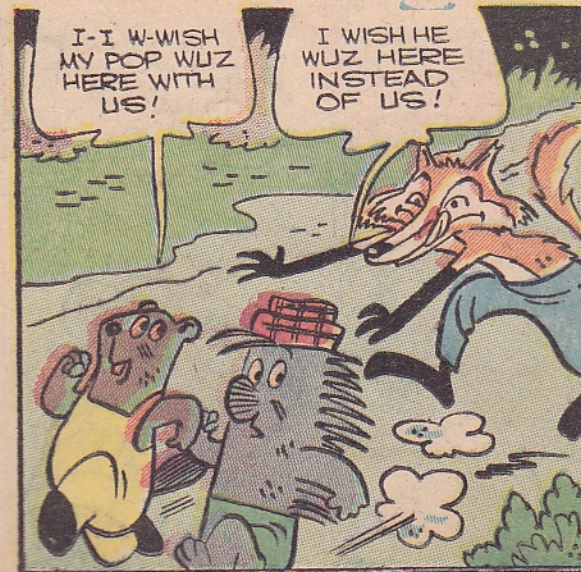
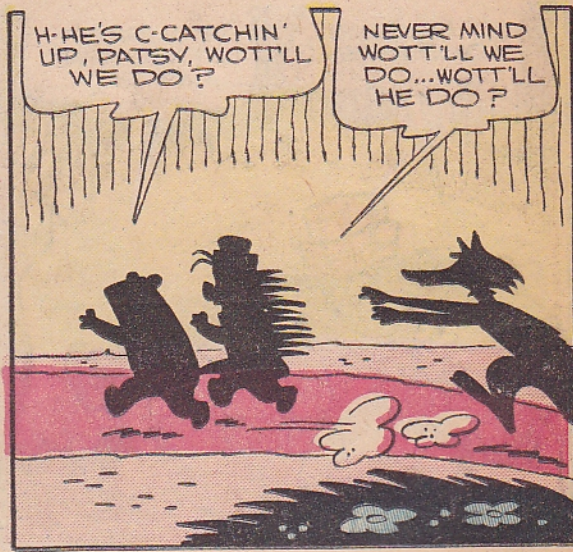
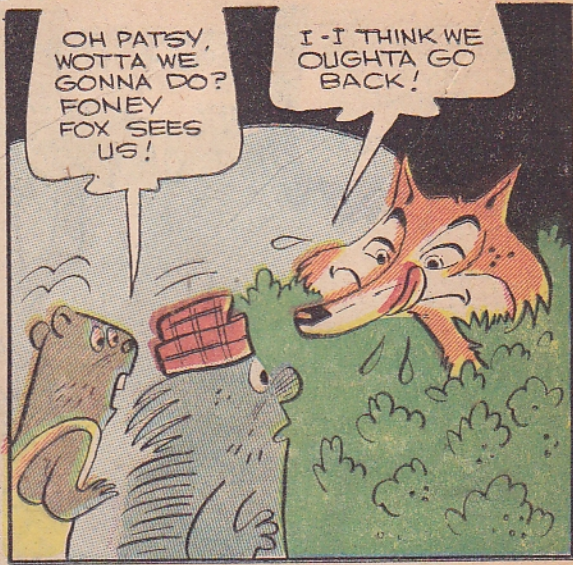
LI'L TOMBOY



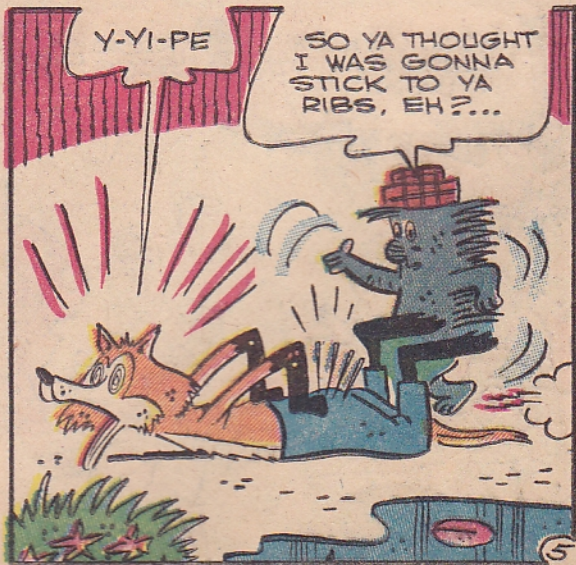
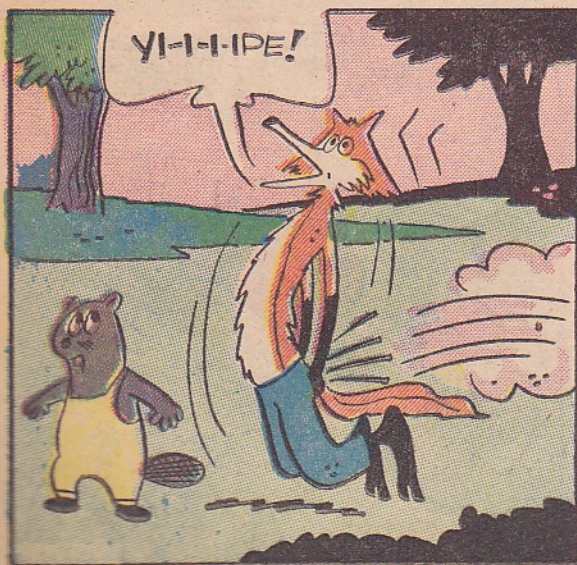
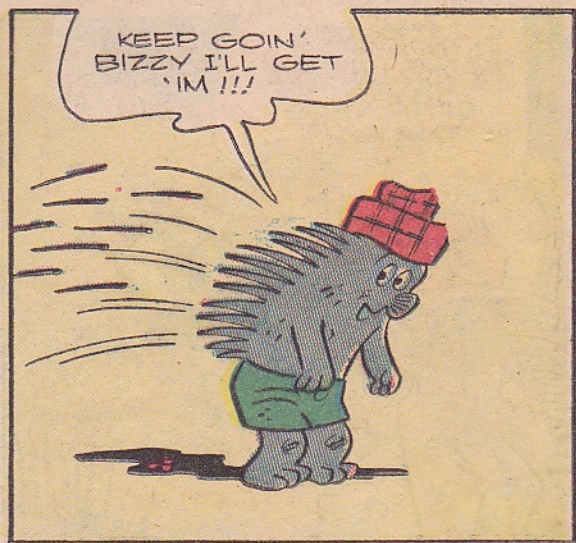
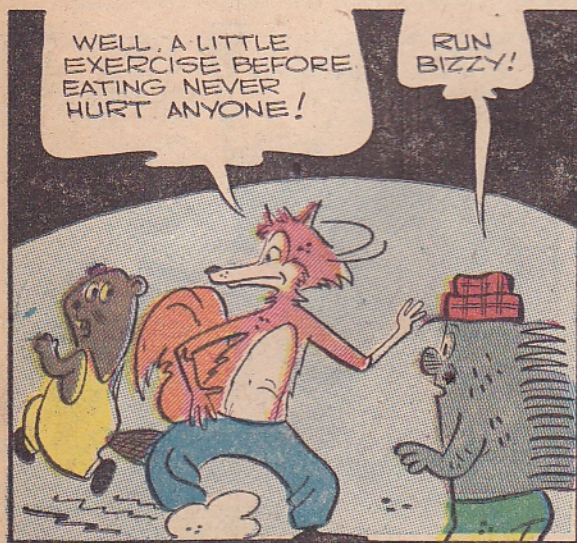
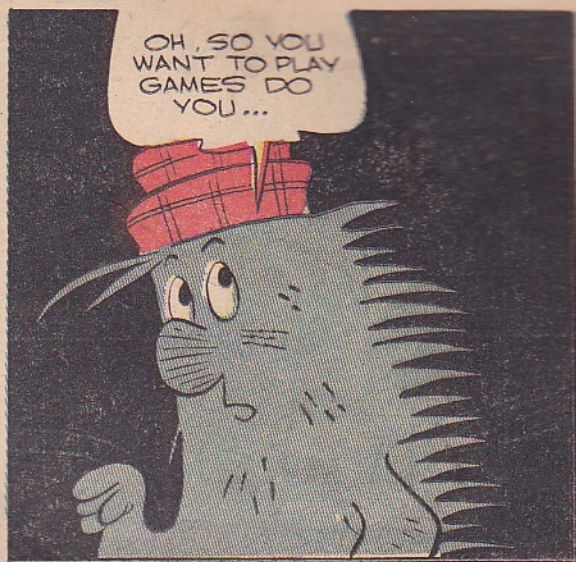
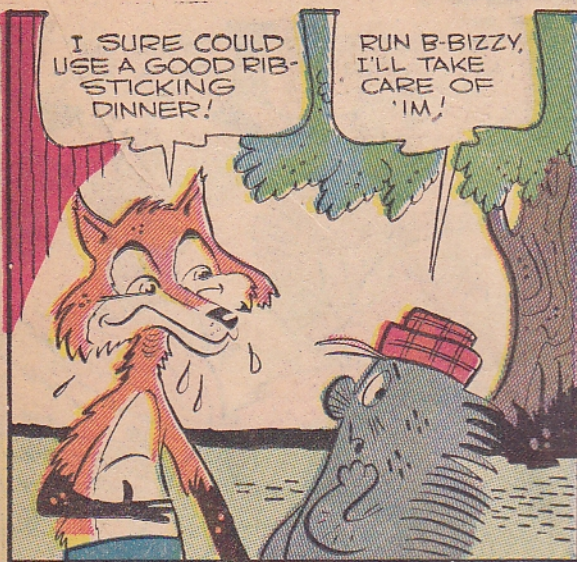
LI'L TOMBOY



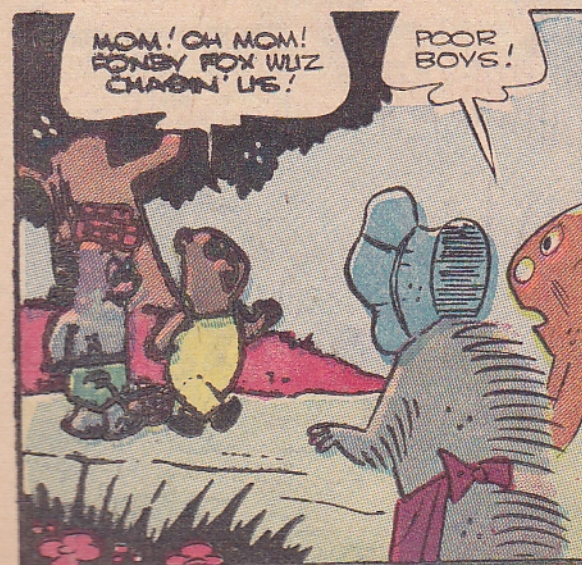
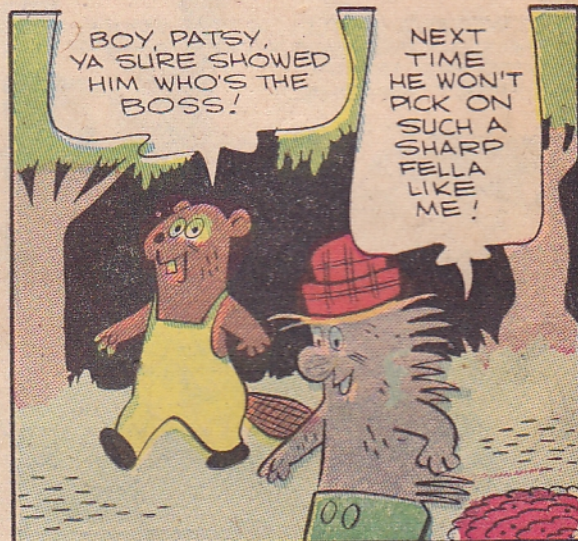
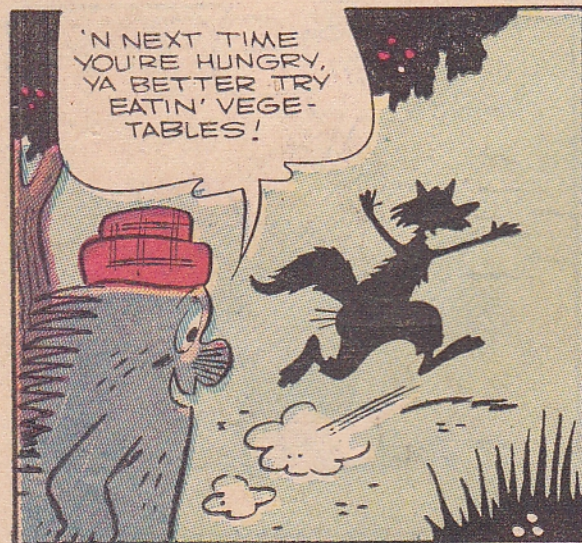
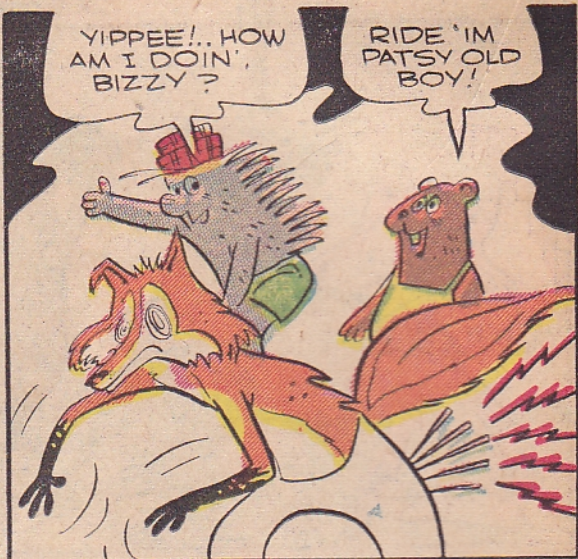
LI'L TOMBOY



LI'L TOMBOY



LI'L TOMBOY

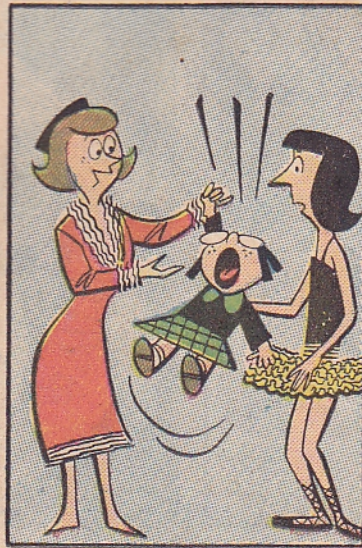
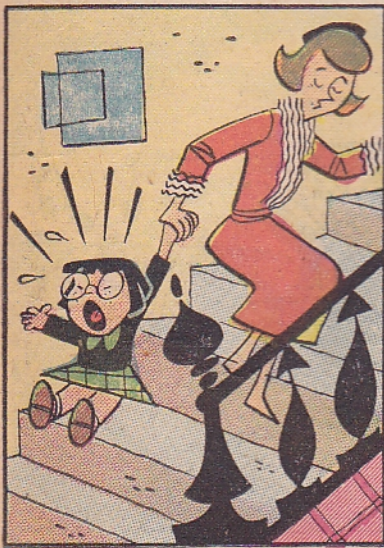
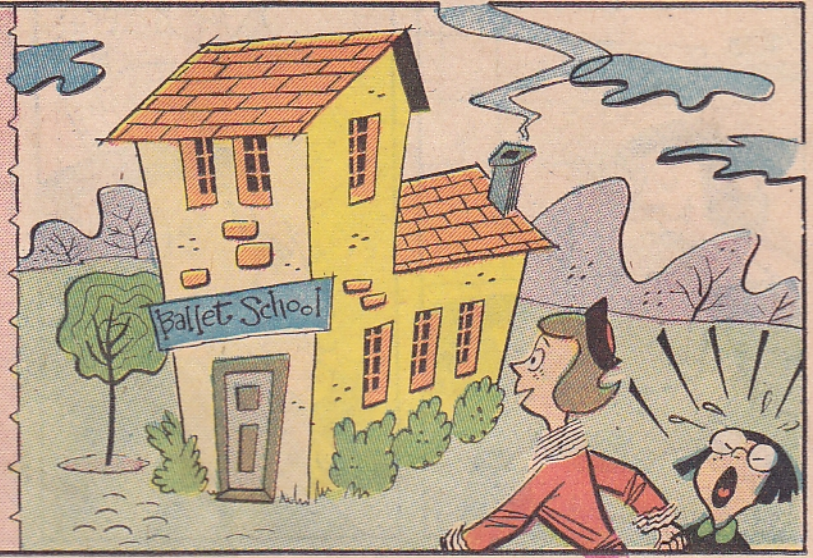


END

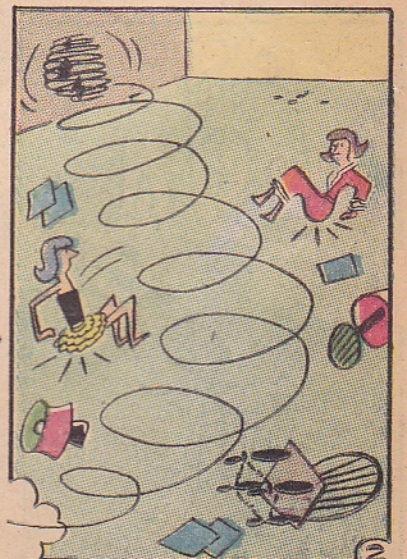
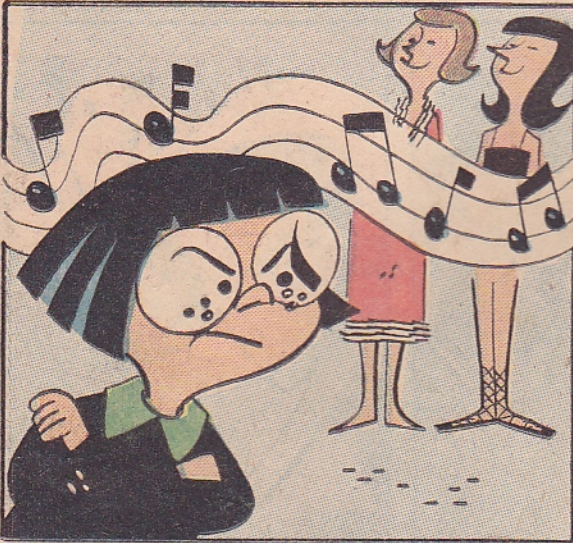
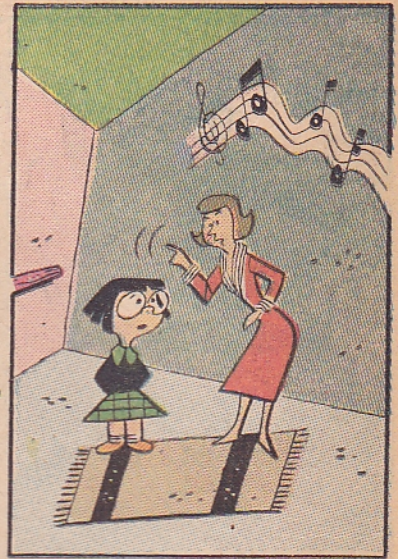
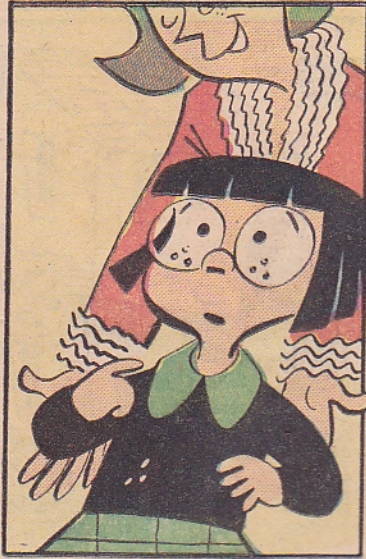
LI'L TOMBOY

Li'l Tomboy IN "the Ballet Lesson"

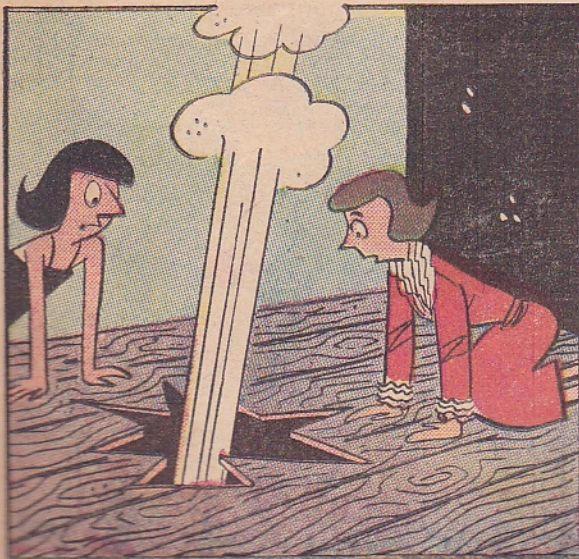
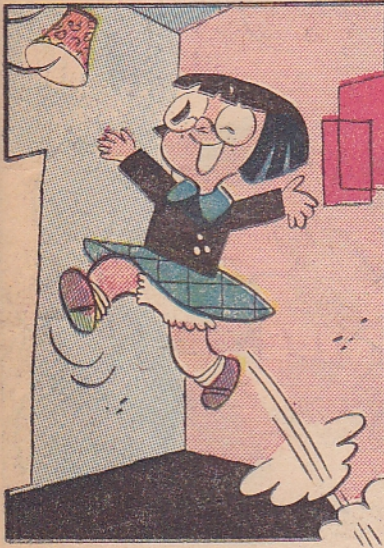
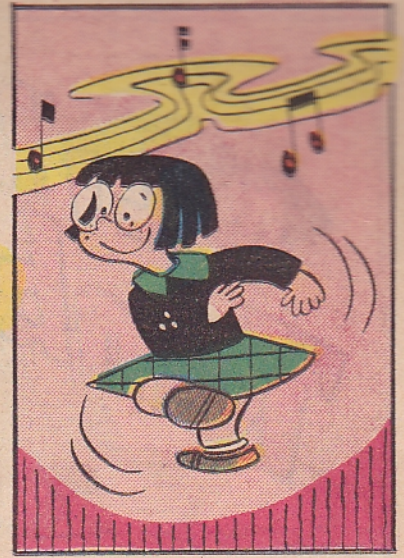
51004



LIL TOMBOY



LI'L TOMBOY



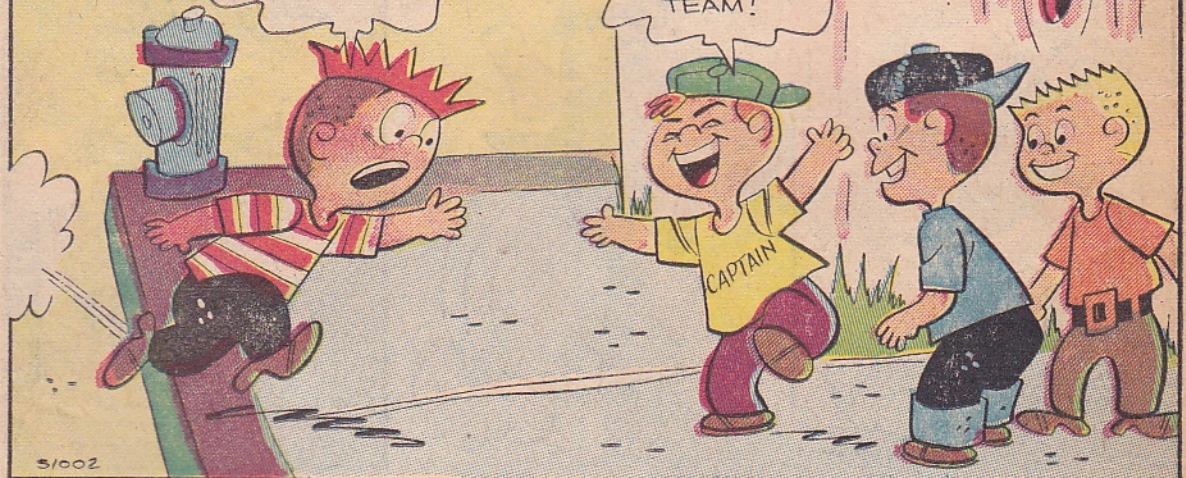
Jeepers

Li'l Tomboy

A GIRL ON THE TEAM

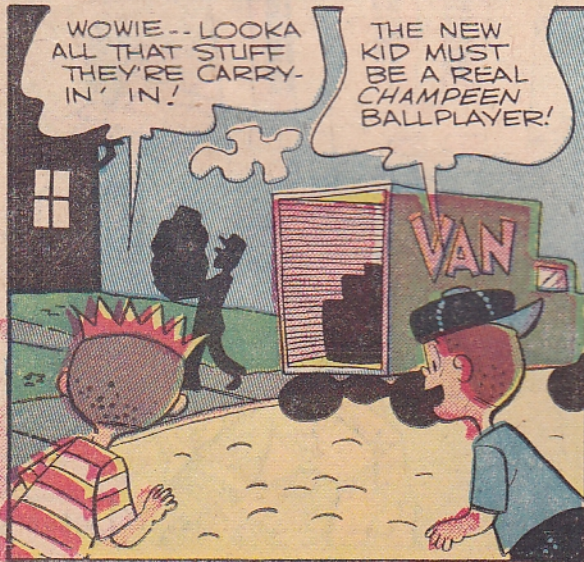
HEY, FELLERS--A NEW KID'S MOVIN' INTO THE BLOCK!

YIPPEEE--THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE AN ELEVENTH MAN FOR OUR FOOTBALL TEAM!



WOWIE--LOOKA ALL THAT STUFF THEY'RE CARRY- IN' IN!

THE NEW KID MUST BE A REAL CHAMPEEN BALLPLAYER!



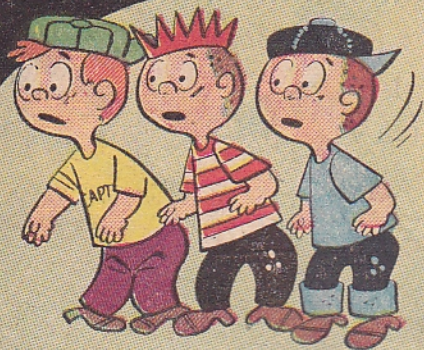
G-GOSH--I HOPE HE'S NOT TOO GOOD! 'CAUSE THEN HELL WANNA BE CAPTAIN!



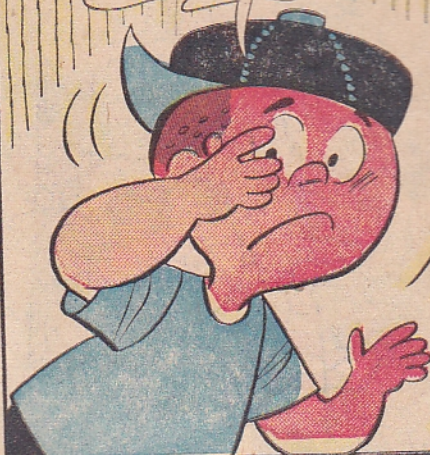
LI'L TOMBOY

HI
FELLERS!

OH
NO!

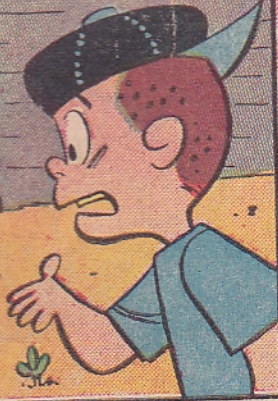


IT'S (GROAN)
A LI'L GIRL!



WHATSAMATTER
WITH GIRLS ANY-
WAY-- HUH?

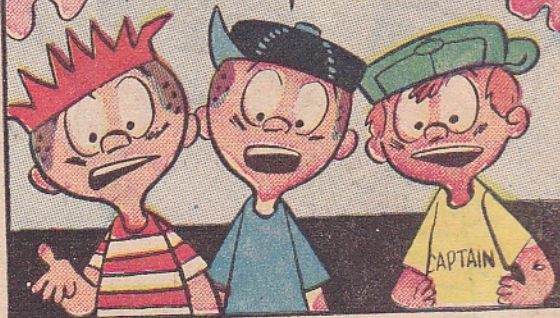
NOTHIN'...



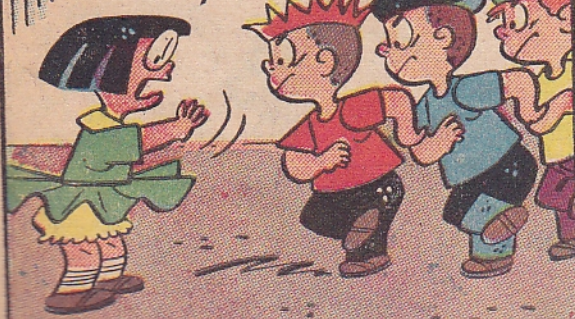
... EXCEPT
THAT
THEY'RE
FEMALE!

AND
THEY
CRY
WHEN
THEY
GET
HURT!

AND
THEY
PLAY
WITH
DOLLS!

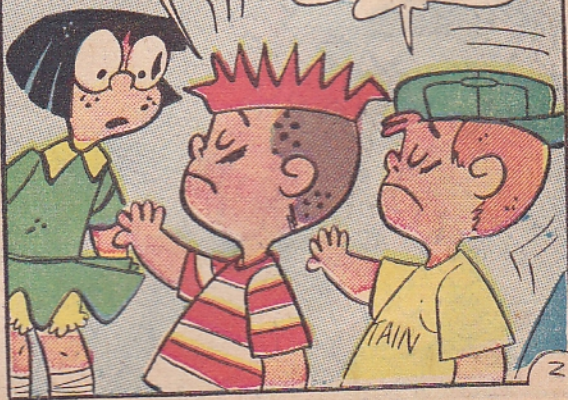


HONEST, FELLERS-- I'M
NOT LIKE OTHER LI'L GIRLS...
I'M A TOMBOY!

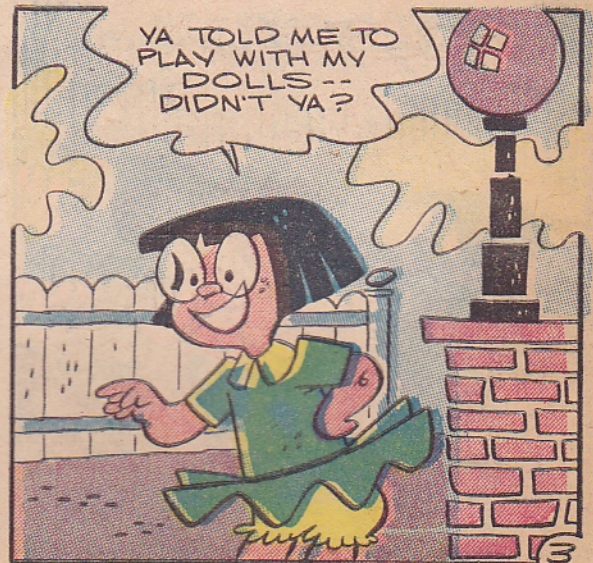
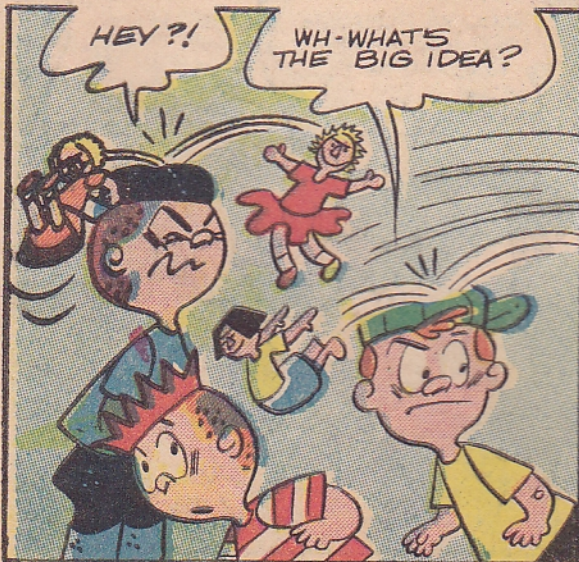
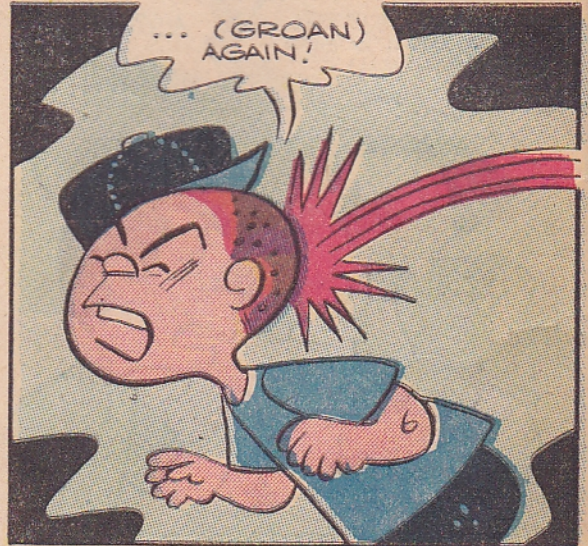
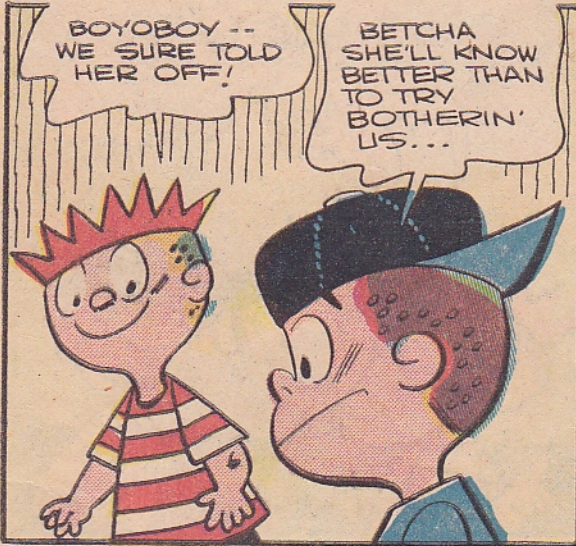
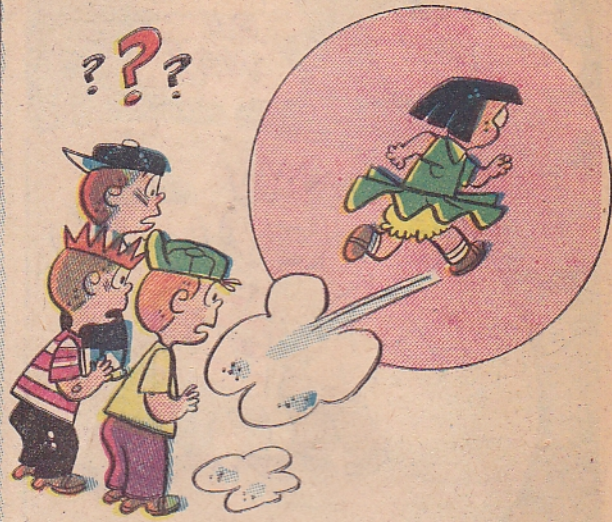
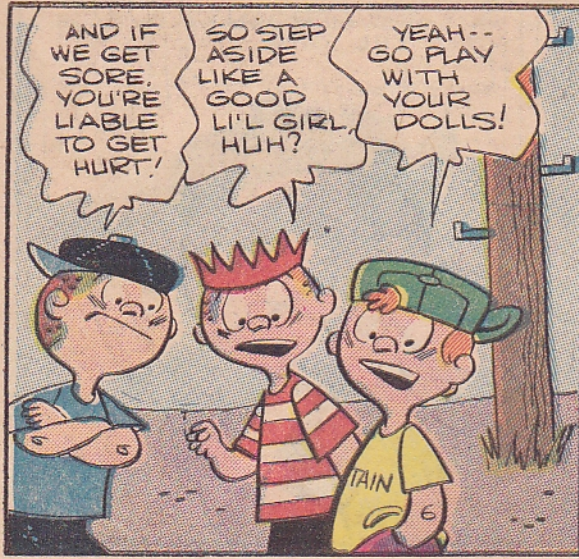


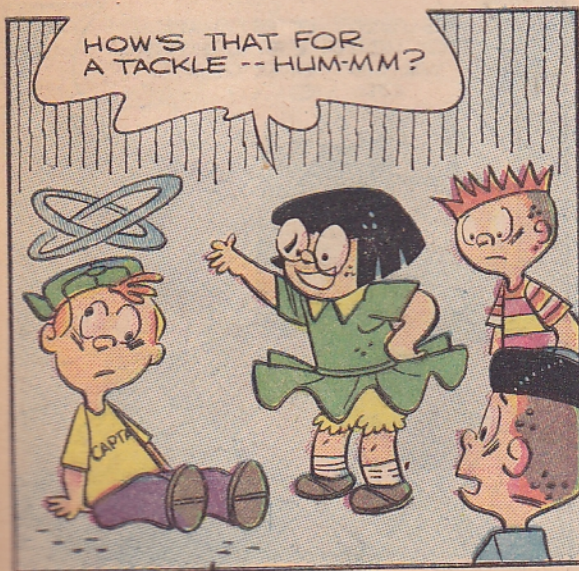
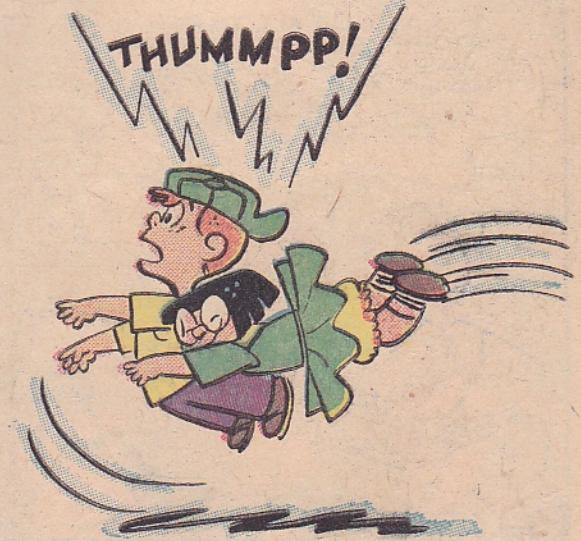
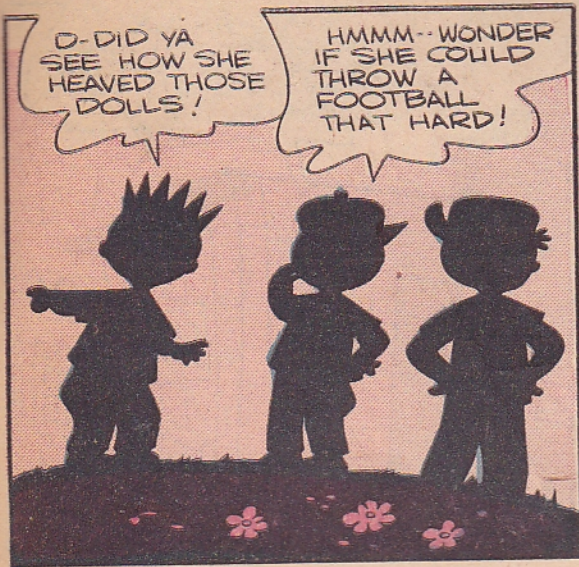
WILL YA PLEASE
LET US PASS,
LI'L GIRL?

YEAH-- YA
BETTER!
'CAUSE IF
YA DON'T,
WE MIGHT
GET SORE!

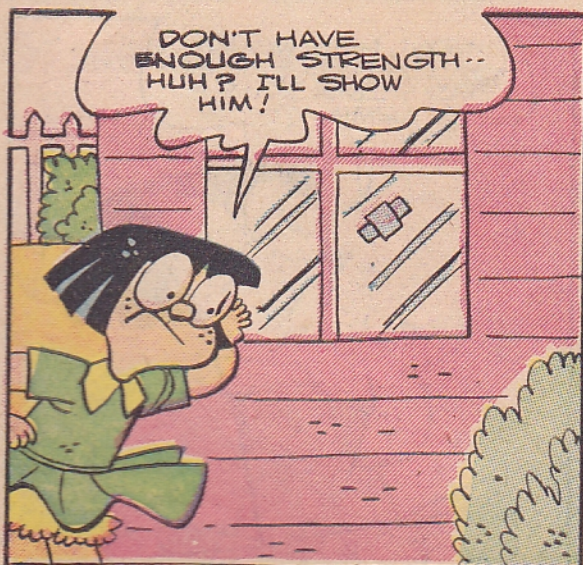
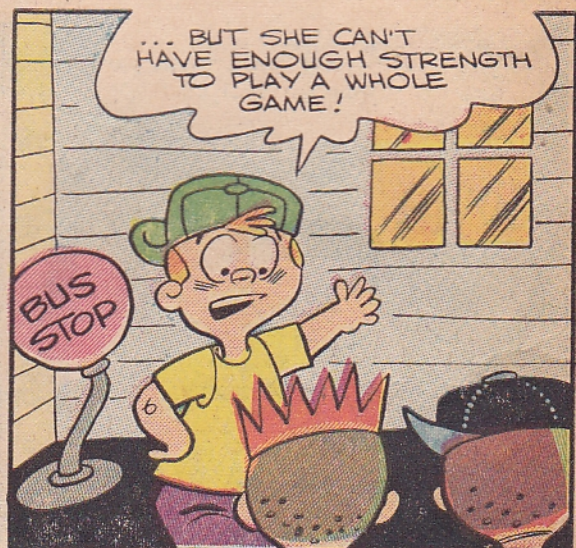
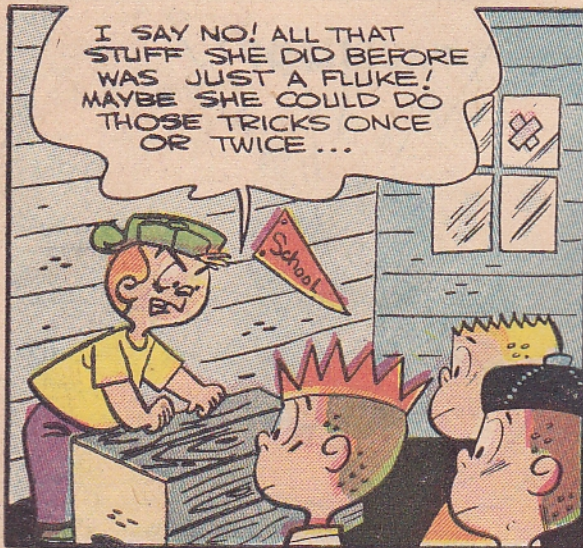
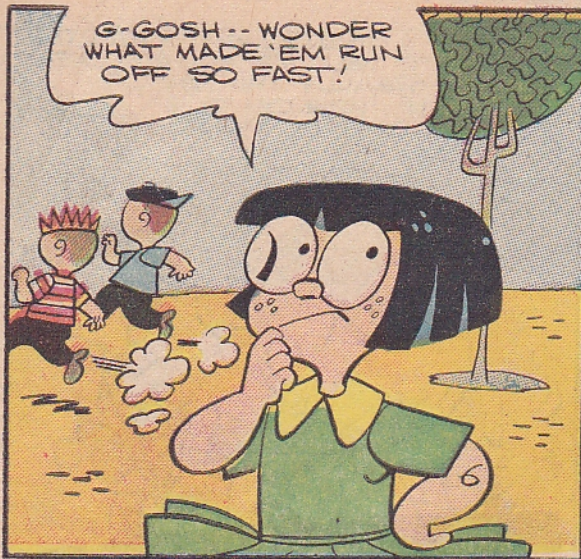


LI'L TOMBOY





LI'L TOMBOY



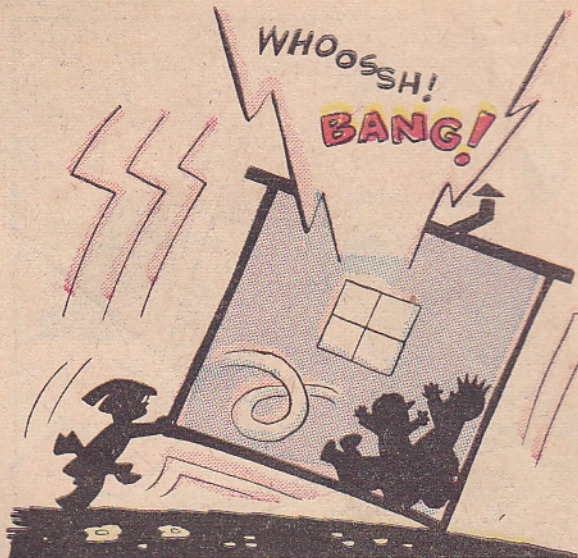
LI'L TOMBOY

ALL THOSE
IN FAVOR OF LETTIN' LI'L
TOMBOY PLAY -- GO
OVER TO THAT SIDE
OF THE CLUB-
HOUSE!



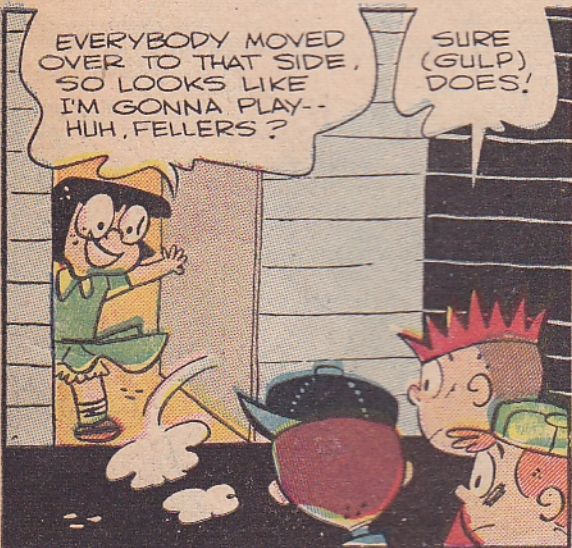
WHOOSH!

BANG!



EVERYBODY MOVED
OVER TO THAT SIDE,
SO LOOKS LIKE
I'M GONNA PLAY--
HUH, FELLERS?

SURE
(GULP)
DOES!



THE NEXT DAY--

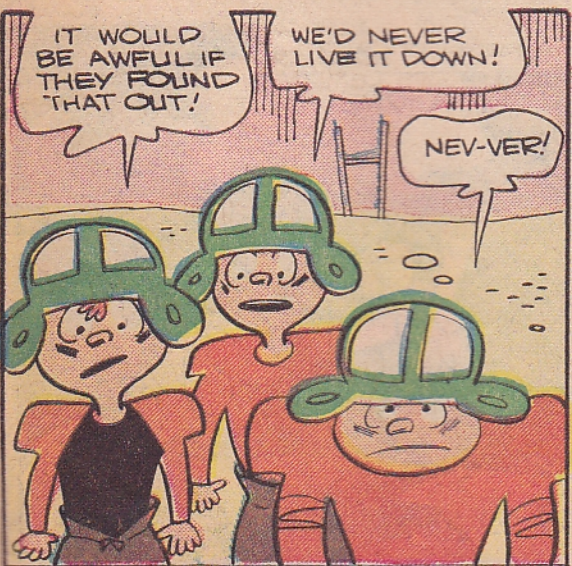
REMEMBER, LI'L TOMBOY--
YA'RE PLAYIN' WITH US...BUT
THE OTHER TEAM MUSTN'T
FIND OUT THAT YA'RE
A GIRL!



IT WOULD
BE AWFUL IF
THEY FOUND
THAT OUT!

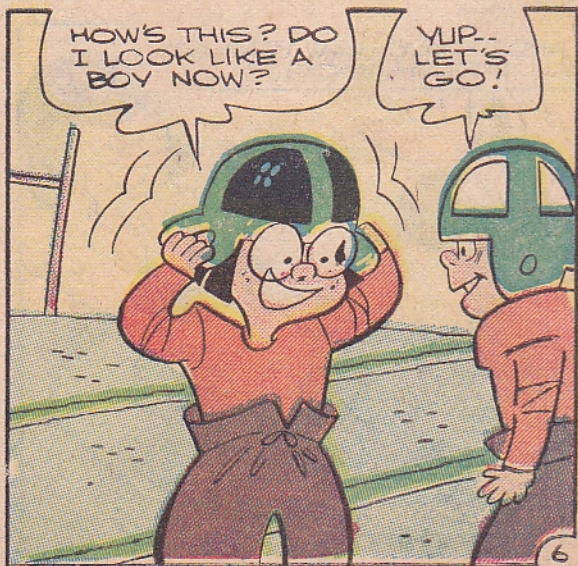
WE'D NEVER
LIVE IT DOWN!

NEV-VER!

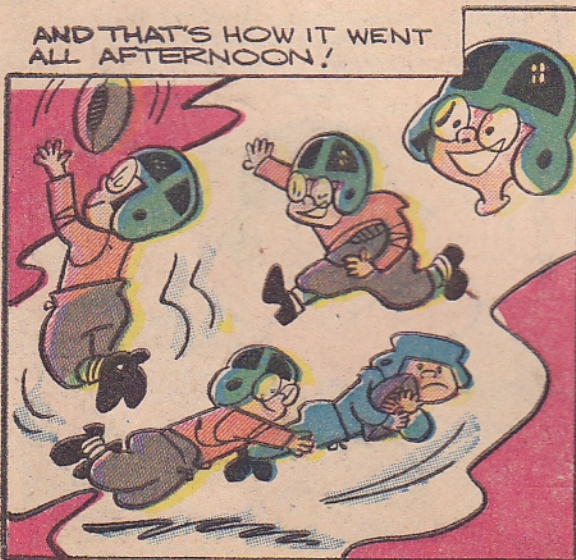
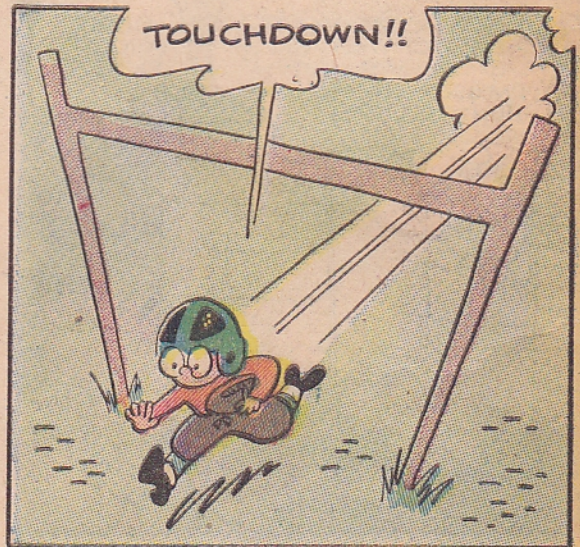
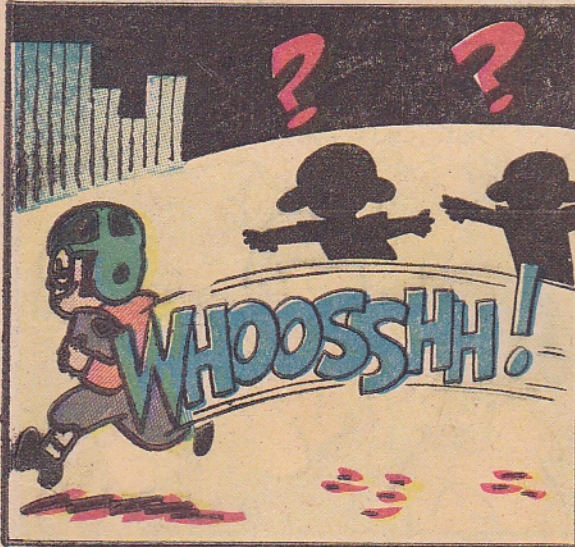
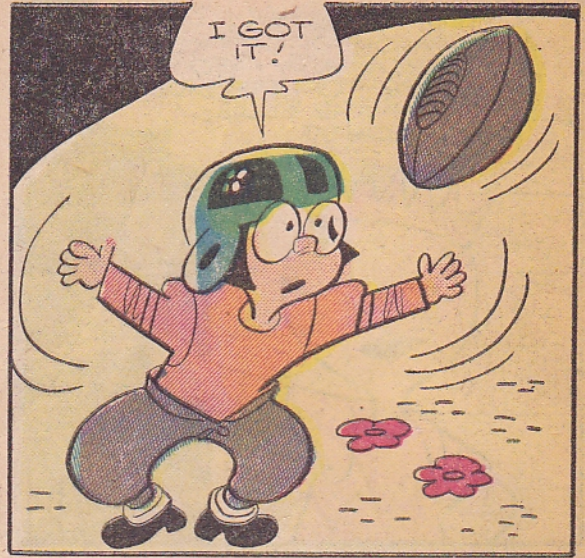
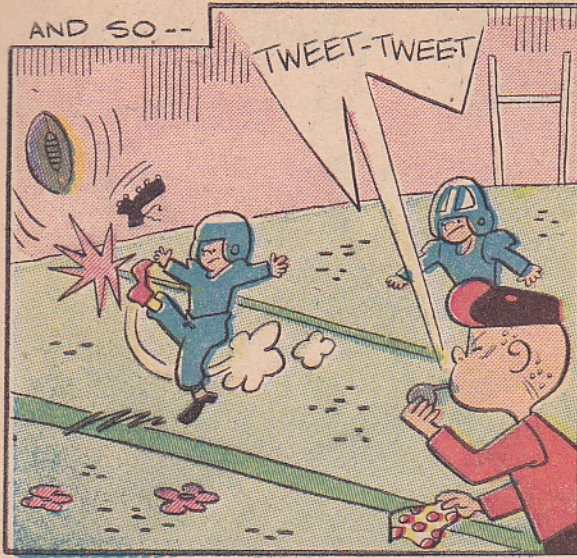


HOW'S THIS? DO
I LOOK LIKE A
BOY NOW?

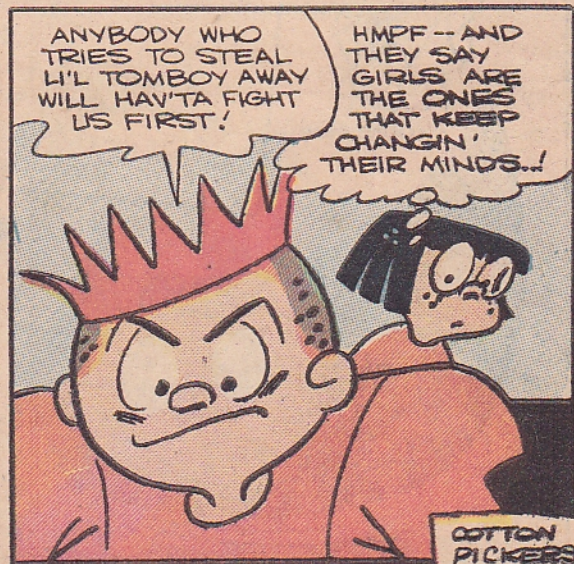
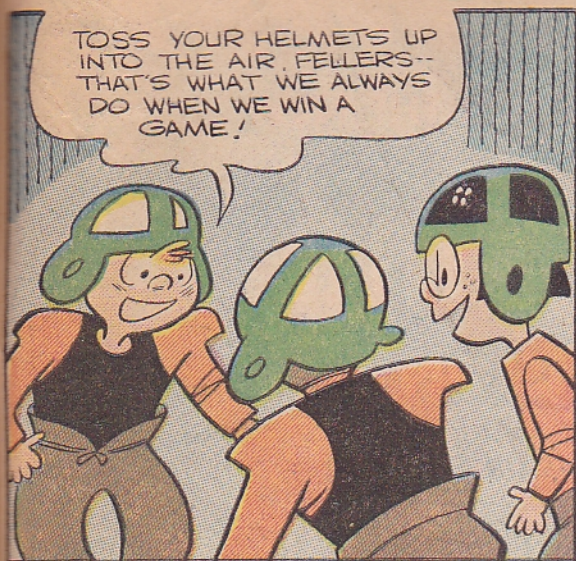
YUP--
LET'S
GO!



LI'L TOMBOY



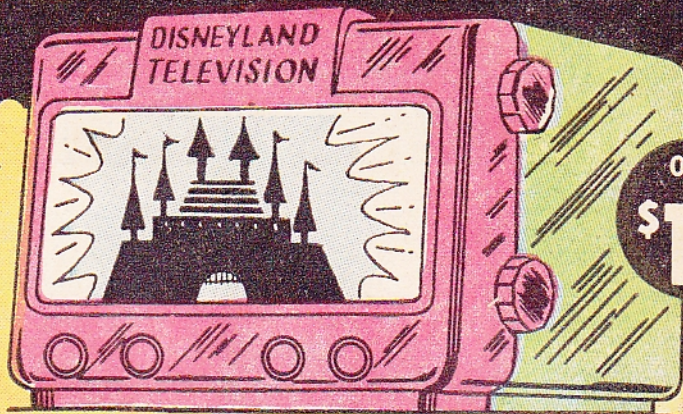
LI'L TOMBOY



HEY KIDS!! SEND FOR THE NEW

Disneyland

COLOR TELEVISION SET



Donald Duck

COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS OF COLOR FILM

Now you can have hours of fun seeing and showing your own favorite Disneyland to your friends and family. Each roll of film is different—here are the titles:

- 1 Mickey Mouse in Disneyland
- 2 Mickey Mouse in Adventureland
- 3 Peter Pan in Fantasyland
- 4 Goofy in Frontierland
- 5 Donald Duck in Tomorrowland

PLUS

- 6 Davy Crockett at the Alamo
- 7 Davy Crockett Fights the Creek Indians
- 8 Davy Crockett and the Bear

Mickey Mouse

Peter Pan

Davy Crockett

In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 112 different pictures of Disneyland and his friends! Don't wait! Mail coupon immediately with only \$1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian & foreign orders—send \$1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Josely Company, Dept. DCH No C.O.D.'s
1472 Broadway • New York 36, N.Y.

Folks:

Here's my dollar. Send me the Disneyland Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return same for full refund.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Canadian & Foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon

LIL TOMBOY IN THE DRESS

AWWWH, MOM - DO I HAVTA GO IN THERE WITH YA?

BUT DEAR--ALL LITTLE GIRLS LOVE TO GO SHOPPING WITH THEIR MOTHERS!

DRESS SHOPPE

51001

THEY LOVE TO SEE ALL THE PRETTY GROWN-UP DRESSES!

GOSH, MOM-- I CAN'T HELP IT...

PE

IF ALL OTHER LIL GIRLS ARE NUTTY!

WELL, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME -- AND THAT'S IT!

HEY, MOM-- LOOKA THAT ONE!

DO YOU LIKE IT, DARLING?.. I'LL BUY IT!

BUT WAITING-- IT ISN'T YOUR SIDE!

SH-- THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SHE HAS EVER SHOWN ANY INTEREST IN A DRESS -- I WANT TO ENCOURAGE HER!

LATER AT HOME...

OK IF I PLAY WITH THE NEW DRESS MOM?

TRY IT RIGHT ON, DEAR!

WHO WANTS TO TRY IT ON? I'M USIN' IT FOR TARGET PRACTISE!

BULLS EYE...

